Sussex Archæology 1608/4993

AN

EXMOOR SCOLDING,

IN THE

Propriety and Decency

OF

EXMOOR LANGUAGE,

BETWEEN

TWO SISTERS,

Wilmot Moreman & Thomaſin Moreman,

As they were SPINNING.

ALSO, AN

EXMOOR COURTSHIP.

TOGETHER WITH

NOTES, and a VOCABULARY

For explaining uncouth Expreſſions, and interpreting barbarous Words and Phraſes.

The NINTH EDITION,

Carefully corrected and reviſed.

EXETER:

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PREFACE.

THE five firſt Editions of theſe Dialogues, tho' well received and eſteemed by thoſe who had ſome Acquaintance with the Provincial Dialects in the Weſtern Parts of *England*, yet, for want of ſuch a GLOSSARY as is now added, were in a great Meaſure unintelligible to moſt others, except perhaps a few Etymologiſts and Collectors of old and uncommon Words: Wherefore the Editors of the ſixth Edition endeavoured to ſupply that Defect, and that the future Editions might be rendered as correct as poſſible, the whole was carefully reviſed, ſome explanatory Notes were inſerted, and the Spelling of the Provincial Words were better accommodated to their uſual Pronunciation among the Peaſants in the County of *Devon:* Since which, ſeveral Additions have been made to the Vocabulary; yet notwithſtanding, we are conſcious that there are many Words in the Exmoorian Dialect which we have omitted; and therefore we ſhould be greatly obliged to any Perſon of Judgment, for favouring us with ſuch Words, together with their Etymology and Signification, to be inſerted in a future Edition.

This Work, it is preſumed, may be of ſome uſe to thoſe Lawyers who go the Weſtern Circuit, by whom the Evidence of a Countryman is ſometimes miſtaken, for want of a proper Interpretation of his Language. And in the Gloſſary, we have not only ſhewn in what Senſe the moſt uncommon Words are generally underſtood in this County, but alſo the Etymologies of moſt of them, whether derived from the *Old Anglo-Saxon*, or from the Britiſh, French, Dutch, &c.

It may be proper to adverti ſe ſuch of our Readers as may be Strangers to the *Devonſhire* Dialects, that the following is a genuine Specimen thereof, as ſpoken in thoſe Parts of the County where the Scene is laid; (the Phraſeology being alſo agreeable thereto, and the Similies, &c. properly adapted to the Characters of the Speakers;) and not an arbitrary Collection of ill-connected clowniſh Words, like thoſe introduced into the Journals of ſome late Sentimental Travellers as well as the Pro-

ductions of ſome Dramatic Writers, whoſe Clowns no more ſpeak in their own proper Dialects, than a dull School boy makes elegant and claſſical Latin; their ſuppos'd Language being ſuch as would be no leſs unintelligible to the Ruſticks themſelves, than to thoſe polite Pretenders to Criticiſm who thereby mean to make them ridiculous. It muſt be confeſs'd that the following Dialogues have not been exempt from ſomewhat of the like Cenſure; it having been alledg'd, that in the Exmoor *Scolding* particularly, the Subſtantives have frequently too many Adjectives annexed to them, nearly ſynonymous; & that the objurgatory Wenches in that Part of the Country have not ſuch a *Copia Verborum* as is here repreſented: But we may appeal for the Truth of the contrary to all who have heard the moſt noted Scolds among them, when engag'd and well-match'd with foul-mouth'd and nimble-tongued Antagoniſts; and how apt they are to ſtring up together a Variety of abuſive Words and *devout* Names (as they term them), tho' many of them, like *Sancho*'s Proverbs, have nearly the ſame Meaning; not ſparing others which may be ſometimes impertinent too, and beſide their Purpoſe, provided they are ſufficiently abuſive.—The following Collection was originally made about the Beginning of the preſent Century, by a blind itinerant Fidler, (one *Peter Lock*, of *North-Moulton* or its Neighbourhood,) who was a man of ſome Humour, and tho' his Skill & Dexterity as a Muſician is ſaid to have recommended him to the Notice of the Great, his more common Converſe with the lower Claſs of People gave him frequent Opportunities of hearing and obſerving their Phraſes and Diction; and as Perſons deprived of Sight have generally a good Memory, he was thereby the better enabled to retain and repeat them. This attracted the Notice of a neighbouring Clergyman, who by the Fidler's Aſſiſtance put the *Exmoor Scolding* into the Form in which we now have it, and before his Death (which happen'd ſoon after the Year 1725,) communicated it to the Editor of the firſt and ſubſequent Editions, who perfected the *Courtſhip*; but Copies of the *Scolding* were, for ſome Time before and after this, handed about in Manuſcript, which was then taken to be the original Compoſition of the Clergyman aforeſaid; few being then apprehenſive of its having any other Author, or how far the Perſon who furniſh'd its Materials might claim Title thereto, tho' his Fame as a Fidler was not yet extinct.

It

It may be alſo requiſite to obſerve here, that the Foreſt of *Exmoor* (ſo call'd as being the Moor wherein the River *Exe* riſes) is for the moſt Part in the County of *Somerſet*; and tho' *Parracombe* and *Challacombe* in its Neighbourhood, which is the Scene of our Drama, be in *Devonſhire*, it muſt not be thence inferr'd that the ſame Dialect in all Particulars extends thro' the whole County; it being chiefly confin'd to the Northern Parts thereof: For many Words and Phraſes therein, would not be well underſtood by People in the *South-Hams*, (by which is meant all the Southern Parts of Devonſhire, and not any particular Town as ſome Topographical Authors have ſuppoſed;) where the Dialect varies as much from this, as this from that of *Dorſet* and *Wiltſhire*: And even near *Exmoor*, none but the very loweſt Claſs of People generally ſpeak the Language here exemplified; but were it more commonly ſpoken by their Betters, perhaps it might not be ſo much to their Diſcredit as ſome may imagine; moſt of the antiquated Words being ſo expreſſive as not to be deſpiſed, tho' now grown obſolete, and no longer uſed by the politer Devonians, who in general ſpeak as good modern Engliſh as thoſe of any other County. 'Tis well known, that after the Expulſion of the antient Britons from thoſe Parts of the Kingdom which our Saxon Anceſtors had conquered, the Engliſh Saxon Language (a Dialect of the old *Teutonic* or High Dutch) took Place of the Britiſh every-where but in *Wales* and *Cornwall*; and ſo continued 'till the Norman Conqueſt, when the Conqueror endeavouring to introduce the *French* Tongue, and cauſing all Edicts and judicial Proceedings to be in that Language, the Saxon ſoon became intermixt with much of the old Norman French: But notwithſtanding this, and ſome Tincture of Britiſh and Daniſh, beſides the Words borrow'd from the Learned Languages by the Profeſſors of Arts and Sciences, &c. the antient Anglo-Saxon Tongue, with ſome Variation of its Sound and Orthography, chiefly prevails in the vulgar Part of our preſent Language; and it will appear in the Gloſſary ſubjoin'd to the following Dialogues, that moſt of the remarkable Words therein inſerted, are of Saxon Derivation, and if they are not all retain'd in other Counties, ſuch Counties have many others deriv'd from the ſame Fountain; not to mention the Variations of the Pronunciation in different Places. Hence every County has its peculiar Dialect, at leaſt in reſpect to the vulgar Language of their Ruſticks,

Ruſticks, inſomuch that thoſe of different Counties can't eaſily underſtand each other. Among Perſons engag'd in Commerce indeed, or who have had a liberal Education, we may better diſtinguiſh their ſeveral Counties by their Accent, than by any Impropriety in their Language: But we are here ſpeaking only of the lower Claſs of People in each County; and that theſe have in ſeveral Parts of England a more uncouth and barbarous Jargon than the worſt among the Devonians, might be eaſily ſhewn: Let it ſuffice to give an Inſtance in the following Specimen of the *Lancaſhire* Dialect, tranſcrib'd from a Dialogue therein, which was publiſh'd in 1746.

" *M.* Odds Fiſh! boh that wur breve——I wou'd I'd bin eh
" yore Kele.
" *Y.* Whau whau, boh theawſt hear——It wur dree wey too-
" to; heawe'er I geet there be ſuſe o'clock, on before eh opp'nt
" dur, I covert *Nip* with the cleawt, ot eh droy meh neſe weh,
" t'let him ſee heaw I ſtoart her:—Then I opp'nt dur; on whot
" te dule duſt think, boh three little Bandyhewits coom weaughing
" os if th' little ewals wou'd o worrit me, on after that ſwallut me
" whick: Boh preſently there coom o fine wummon; on I took
" her for a hoo juſtice, hoor ſo meety fine: For I heard *Ruchott*
" *o'Jack*'s tell meh Meaſter, that hoo juſtices awlus did th' mooaſt
" o' th' wark: Heawe'er, I axt hur if Mr. Juſtice wur o whoam;
" hoo cou'd naw opp'n hur meawth t' ſey eigh, or now; boh
" ſimpurt on ſed *iſs*, (the Dickkons iſs hur on him too)—Sed I,
" I wudyid'n tell him I'd ſene ſpeyk to him:——"

The Reader muſt be left to judge, on a Compariſon of this with any Part of the *Exmoor* Language, which of the two has the moſt Barbariſms: Perhaps he will want an Interpreter to inform him, that *Kele* means *Place* or *Circumſtance*,—that *Dree wey* denotes a *long* and *tedious* Way,—that *Stoart* means *valued*,—that *Bandyhewits* are *little Dogs*,—that *Hoo* ſtands for *She*,—and *Wudyid'n* is *wiſh you would*;—and unleſs thus explain'd, may be apt to think it little more intelligible than the *Buckinghamſhire* Farmer's Speech, " *I ken a Steg gobblin at our Leer Deer*; which few beſides his Countrymen would gueſs to mean, " I ſee a Gander feeding at our Barn Door."—But to trouble our Readers with no further Obſervations on this Subject here, we muſt refer them for other Particulars to the Vocabulary & Notes, ſubmitting the whole to their candid Cenſure.

EXETER, January, 1782.

AN

EXMOOR SCOLDING.

Thomaſin. LOCK! *Wilmot*, vor why vor ded'ſt roily zo upon ma up to *Challacomb* Rowl?— Ees dedent thenk tha had'ſt a be' zich a Labb o' tha Tongue.—What a Vengance! wart betwatled, or wart tha baggaged; —— or had'ſt tha took a Shord, or a paddled?

Wilmot. I roily upon tha, ya gurt, thonging, banging, muxy Drawbreech? — Noa, 'twas *thee* roil'ſt upon *me* up to *Daraty Vogwill's* Upzitting, whan tha *vung'ſt* (and to be hang'd to tha!) to *Rabbin.*—'Shou'd zem tha wart zeck arter Me-at and Me-al.— And zo tha merſt, by ort es know, wey guttering; as gutter tha wutt whan tha com'ſt to good Tackling. — But zome zed *Shoor and ſhoor tha ded'ſt bet make wiſe, to zee nif tha young* Joſy Heaff-field *wou'd come to zlack thy Boddize, and whare a wou'd be O vore or no.* —— Bet 'twas thy old Diſyeaſe, Chun.

Thomaſin. Hey go! What Diſyeaſe deſt me-an, ya gurt dugged-teal'd, ſwapping, rouſling Blowze? Ya gurt Roile, tell ma. Tell ma, a zey, what

Diſyeaſe deſt me-an? — Ad! chell ream my Heart to tha avore Ile let tha lipped — Chell tack et out wi' tha to tha true Ben, faith! Tell ma, a zey what Diſyeaſe deſt me-an that tha zeſt cham a troubled wey?

Wilmot. Why; ya purting, tatchy, ſtertling, jowering, prinking, mincing Theng, chell tell tha what Diſyeaſe. Is dedn't me-an the Bone-ſhave *, ner the Heartgun, ner the Allernbatch that tha had'ſt in thy Niddick. 'Tes better twar: Vor than Ount *Annis Moreman* coul'd ha' bleſſed vore, and net ha' pomſter'd about et, as Moather ded.

Thomaſin. What Diſyeaſe than, ya gurt Haggage?

Wilmot. Why, e'er zince tha wart Twonty, ay Zæwnteen, and avore, tha haſt a be' troubled wey the Dæul vetch tha.

Thomaſin.

* The *Bone ſhave* (a Word perhaps no-where uſed or underſtood in Devonſhire but in the Neighbourhood of *Exmoor*) means the *Sciatica*; and the Exmoorians, when afflicted therewith, uſe the following Charm to be freed from it: — "The Patient muſt lie on his Back on the Bank of a River or Brook of Water, with a ſtraight Staff by his Side, between him and the Water; and muſt have the following Words repeated over him, viz.

"Bone ſhave right;
"Bone-ſhave ſtraight;
"As the Water runs by the *Stave*,
"Good for Bone-ſhave."

They are not to be perſuaded but that this ridiculous Form of Words ſeldom fails to give them a perfect Cure.

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Thomaſin. What's me-an by that, ya long-han-jed Meazle? Diſt hire ma? Tha call'ſt ma ſtert-ling Roil now-reert. — How dedſt Thee ſtertlee upon the Zeſs laſt Hareſt wey the young *Dick Vrogwill*, whan *George Vuzz* putch'd? — He told ma the whole Fump o' th' Beineze.

Wilmot. O! the very Vengance tear tha! — Deſt thee tell me o' *Dick Vrogwill?* — Why thee art in a Ninniwatch e'ery other Torn, nif zo be tha deſt bet zet Zeert in *Harry Vurſdon.*

Thomaſin. How! ya gurt chounting, grumbling, glumping, zower-zapped, yerring Traſh!

Wilmot. Don't tell me o' glumping: Oll the Neighbourhooden knowth thee to be a veaking, blazing, tiltiſh Huſſey.

Thomaſin. And thee art a crewnting, querking, yeavy, dugged-yeſs, chockling Baggage.

Wilmot. Net zo chockling, ner it zo crewnting, as thee art, a colting Hobby-horſe! — Nif tha deſt bet go down into the Paddick, to ſtroak the Kee, thee wut come oll a gerred, and oll horry zo vurs tha art a vorked; ya gerred-teal'd, pank-ing, hewſtring Mea-zel!—Thee art lick a ſkittiſh Sture jeſt a yooked. Tha woulſt boſt any keend-eſt Theng, tha are ſo vore-reet, nif Vauther dedn't ha-ape tha.

Thomaſin. Ay, ay! *Keſter Moreman* wou'd ha be hove up, nif zo be a had a had tha; a toteling,

wambling, zlottering, zart-and vair yheatſtool.

Wilmot. Ay, and zo wou'd tha young *George Vuzz*, mun, whan a had a had a rubbacrock, rouzeabout, platvooted, zidlem outh'd Swaſhbucket.— Pitha deſt thenk enny Theng will e'er vittee or gooddee wey zich a whatnozed, haggletooth'd, ſtare-baſon, timerſome, rixy, wapper-ee'd Theng as thee art?

Thomaſin. Deſt hire ma? Oll the Crime o' the Country goth, that whan tha liv'ſt up to tha Cot, tha wert the Old *Rager Hill*'s Under Bed-blonket, And more 'an* zo, that tha wart a chittering, raving, racing, bozzom-chuck'd, rigging, lonching, haggaging Moil.

Wilmot. How! ya confounded Trapes! Tell me enny more o' *Rager Hill*'s Bed-blonket, ad! chell pull the Poll o' tha; chell plim tha, chell vulch tha Looks zee,— *Rager Hill* es as honeſt a Man as enny in *Challacomb*; — no Diſpreiſe.

Thomazin. And do thee tell me o' ſtertling upon the Zeſs, whan *George Vuzz* putch'd, chell gi' tha a Lick; — chell lay tha over the Years wey the Vire tangs. Ad! chell ting tha. Thy buzzom Chucks were pretty vittee avore tha mad'ſt thyzel therle, and thy Vleſh oll wangery, and thy Skin oll vlagged, with nort bet Agging, and Veaking, and Filtiſhneſs.

Wilmot.

* *'an*, is here an Abbreviature of than.—*More 'an zo*, i. e. *More than ſo*, a common Phraſe among Exmorians for *Moreover. Not only ſo, but alſo.*

Wilmot. Bed-blonket akether !* Ha! zey zich a Word more chell cotton thy Waiſtecoat. Chell thong tha, chell gi tha zich a Strat in tha Chups‖, ya Grizzledemundy.

Thomaſin. Me a Strat in the Chups ? Deſt hire ma ? Come aneeſt me, chell pummel tha, chell vag tha, chell lace tha.

Wilmot. Thee lace ma ? Chem a laced well-a-fine already.---Zey wone Word more, and chell breſh tha, chell tan tha, chel make thy Boddize pilmee.

Thomaſin. How a Man a zed ! make my Boddize pilmee ? Ad ! if e'er tha ſqueakeſt wone Word more o' tha' Bed blonket, chell trim tha, chell crown tha, chell vump tha.

Wilmot. Why dedſt thee, than, tell me o' the Zeſs, or it of the Hay-pook, as tha dedſt whileer ? ---Chell drub tha, chell curry thy ſcabbed Yeſs var tha.

Thomaſin. And why deſt thee, than, tell me 'Iſterday o' loſing my Rewden Hat in the Rex-buſh, out a whorting ? And more 'an zo, that the young *Tom Vuzz* ſhou'd le-ave he's Cod-glove ! - Ad ! zey a Word more o' the young *Tom Vuzz*, chell baſte tha, chell ſtram tha, chell draſh tha ;—chell make thy Kepp hoppee, wi' thy *Vlanders* Lace upon't.

Wilmot.

* Akether ! means *quoth he !* or *quoth her !*

‖ Chups or Chucks, the Cheeks.

Wilmot. *Vlanders Lace!* What's me-an by that, ha-ah? Tell me enny more o' *Vlanders Lace*, chell make thy Yead addle. Chell up wi' ma Veeſt, and gi' tha a Whiſterpoop, and zitch a Zwop as ſhall make tha veel ma, looks zee!

Thomaſin. Gi' me a Zwop?—Ad! chell gi' tha a Wherret, or a Zlat in the Chops,—or up wi' thy dugged Coats, and tack tha grea-ſy Yeſs o' tha.

Wilmot. Thee tack me, ya unliſty, ill-hearty, untidy Mea-zel?—*Andra* wou'd ha' had a Trub in tha, nif Vauther hadent a ſtrat the Match.

Thomaſin. How Dem! a Trub?—Go, ye rearing, ſnapping, tedious, cutted Snibblenoſe!—Th'art olways a vuſtled up in an old Jump, or a Whittle, or an old Seggard, avore zitch Times as *Neckle Halſe* comath about:—Than tha wut prinkee.—Thee haſt a let the Kee go zoo vor Want o' ſtrocking. It a vore oll* th'art an abomination Pinchvart vor thy own Eends.——Ay, ay! Shoort, *Wilmot*, ſhoort!—Zwer thy Torn, or elſe tha tedſt net carry whome thy Pad, and meet *Neckle Halſe* by tha Wey.—He'll meet tha in the Vuzzy-park Coander by Cockleert, or avore, chell warndy.

Wilmot. Tell ma wone Word more o' *Neckle Halſe*, chell ſkull tha, tha haſſent a be' a ſkull'd zo vor wone while. Ya gurt Fuſtilugs! The Old

* *It* (*or Eet*) *a vore oll*, means *yet notwithſtanding.*

Old *Mag Dawkins* es bet a Huckmuck to tha. Zet tha about ort, why, tha deſt Thengs vore-and-back, a cat-hamm'd, a vore-reert, and vramp-ſhapen, like a Totle.

Thomaſin. How! ya long-hanged Trapes! Ya blow-mawndger Baarge! Thee wut coal-varty a-bed† avore be voor days. Th'art ſo deeve as a Haddick in chongy Weather. Or whan 'tes avrore or a ſcratcht the le-aſt Theng out, or whan ſnewth, or blunketh, or doveth, or in ſcatty Weather, or in a tingling Vroſt, than tha art theck-liſted, and ba hang'd to tha.

Wilmot. And thee art a lams'd in wone o'thy Yearms, and caſſent zee a Sheen in thy Reart Ee.

Thomaſin. Rex-buſh!---Fath! tell me o'tha Rex buſh, ye teeheeing Pixy!---Es marl who's more vor Rigging or Rumping, Steehopping or Ragrowtering, Giggleting or Gambowling than thee art thyzel — Pitha, deſt'nt remember whan tha com'ſt over tha Clam wi' tha Old *Hugh Hoſe-good*, whan tha Wawter was by Stave, how tha vel'ſt in, and the Old *Hugh* drade thee out by tha vorked Eend, wi' thy dugged Clathers up zo vur as thy Na'el, whan tha wart juſt a buddled?

Wilmot. Lock! deſt dwallee, or tell doil?— Pitha tell reaznable, or hold thy Popping, ya gurt Waſhamouth.

So ends the Firſt Bout.

† *Coal-varty a-bed*, to warm the Bed with a Scotch Warming-Pan; that is, with half a *Farthing*.

AN

EXMOOR SCOLDING.

BOUT the SECOND.

Wilmot. DIST hire ma, Dem? Chell ha tether Vinny wi' tha.—Tha told'ſt ma now-reert, or a whilere, of Rigging and Rumping, Steehopping and Ragrowtering, Giggleting and Gamboyling. What's me-an by thate? But thee, thee wut ruckee, and ſquattee, and doattee in the Chimly Coander lick an Axwaddle; and wi' the zame tha wut rakee up, and gookee, and tell doil, tell Dildrams and Buckingham Jenkins.—Ay, ay, poor *Andra Vurſdon* wud ha' had a rig-mutton Rumpſtall in tha, nif tad net ha' be' ſtrat. A wud ha' had a coad, riggelting*, parbeaking, piping Body in tha; olwey wone Glam or nether. And more an zo, there's no Direct to hot tha tell'ſt. Tha wut ſeb et heartily. Na, tha wut lee a Rope up-reert†. Chad a moſt a borſt my Guts wi' laughing, whan's zeed tha whilere trapeſee hum from tha *Yeoanna Lock*, thy Shoes oll

* Q. if this ſhould not be *ritteling*, for *ruttling*?

† To *lie a Rope upright* contains a Pun on the Word *Lie*, and means the telling ſuch a Lie as implies a Contradiction in itſelf; or what is as impoſſible to be true as for a Rope which *lies* on the Ground to ſtand *upright* at the ſame Time.

oll beſh--, thy Hozen muxy up zo vurs thy Gammerels to tha very Huckſheens o' tha, thy Gore Coat oll a girred, thy Head-Clathing oll a fouſt, thy Waiſtcoat oll horry, and thy Pancrock a kiver'd wi' Briſs and Buttons.

Thomaſin. Why thare zo! Bet diſt net thee thenk, ya long-hanged Trapes, that tha young *Joſy Yeaff-field* wud' ha' be' plaſad, when ha had zitch a crewdling Theng as thee art? Eart lunging, eart ſquatting upon thy tether Eend. Zey ort to tha, why tha wut twitch up thy Teal, and drow up thy Noaze, and take Owl o', or take Pip o'. Nif won zey the le-aſt Theng out, tha wut purtee a Zennet arter.

Wilmot. How, Huſſey! ya confounded Traſh! Diſt remember whan tha wenſt out in tha Vuzzy-Park, in tha Deſk o' tha Yeaveling, juſt in tha Dimmet, wi' tha young *Humphry Hoſegood*,— and how ha mullad and ſoulad about tha? Ha bed tha zet down; — and tha zedſt tha wudſt net, nif ha dedent blow tha down. Zo ha blow'd, and down tha valſt. Who ſhud be hard by (vor 'twas in tha Dimmet) bet tha Square's Bealy, — and vorewey ha cry'd out that *oll Windvalls belongad to's Meaſter.* Wi' tha zame tha ſpletteſt away—down tha Pennet—hilter ſkilter—as if tha Dowl had ha' be' in tha Heels o' tha.

Thomaſin. Oh the Dowl ſplet tha! who told theckee Strammer?

Wilmot. Why, 'twas thee thy own zel up to ſtooling o' Terra's.

Thomaſin. O! a Plague confound tha! deſt tha thenk ees ded tell't to tha to ha' et a drode vore agen? Well, 'tes well a fine. — Es can drow vore worſe Spalls than thet to thee: — Ad! es cud rep tha up.

Wilmot. What, a Dowl, and be hang'd to tha, canſt tha drow vore to me?

Thomaſin. How many Times have es a hoard tha, and a zeed tha, pound Savin, to make Metcens, and Leckers, and Caucheries, and Zlotters.—'Tes good to know vor why vore.

Wilmot. Oh! a Plague rat tha!— Ya mulligrub Gurgin! ya ſhug Meazel! — Th'art good vor nort bet a Gapes-neſt. A guttering hawchamouth Theng! Whan tha com'ſt to good Tackling, thee wut poochee, and hawchee, and ſcrumpee; tha wut net look vor Lathing, chell warndy; and nif et be Loblolly, tha wut ſlop et oll up.

Thomaſin. How a Man a zed! How dedſt thee poochee and hawchee, and ſcrumpee, whan tha young *Zaunder Vurſdon* and thee ſtey'd up oll tha Neert a roaſting o' Taties? pritch tha vor me! —Why, than tha wut be a prilled, or a muggard, a Zennet outreert; and more an zo, thee wut rowcaſt, nif it be thy own Vauther. Nif tha beeſt

beeſt a zend to Vield wi tha Drenking, or ort, to the Voaken, whare they be ſhooling o' Beat, handbeeating, or angle-bowing †, nif tha com'ſt athert *Rager Hoſegood*, tha wut lackee an over-while avore tha com'ſt, and ma' be net trapeſee hum avore the Deſk o' tha Yeavling, ya blow-maunger Ba-arge! Oll vor palching about to hire Lees to vine-dra Voaks. Whan tha goaſt to tha melking o' tha Kee, in tha Vuzzy Park, thee wut come oll a dugged, and thy Shoes oll mux, and thy Whittle oll beſh--. Tha wut let tha Cream-chorn be oll *horry* *, and let tha Melk be buckard in buldering Weather.

C 2 *Wilmot.*

† *Angle-bowing*, a Method of fencing the Grounds wherein Sheep are kept, by fixing Rods like *Bows* with both Ends in the Ground (or in a dead Hedge) where they make *Angles* with each other, ſomewhat like the following Figure.

* *Horry* -- for *Hoary*, *mouldy* or *finnew'd*.---Vide *Shakeſpeare*'s *Romeo* and *Juliet*; where *Mercutio* puns upon the Words *Hare* and *Hoar*: ——

Mercutio. —— —— —— So-ho!
Romeo What haſt thou found?
Mer. No *Hare*, Sir, unleſs a Hare, Sir, in a Lenten Pie,
That is ſomewhat ſtale and *hoar* e're it be ſpent. —
An old Hare *hoar*, and an old Hare *hoar*, is very good Meat in Lent;
But a Hare that is *hoar*, is too much for a Score,
When it *hoars* 'eer it be ſpent.

* *Horry* alſo ſignifies *foul* and *filthy* (See the VOCABULARY), and perhaps this is its true Meaning here.

Wilmot. Tell me o' *Rager Hoſegood*, chell make thy Kep hoppee.— Ay, ay, es marl hot to tha Vengance tha young *Zaunder Vurſdon* wud ha had a do wi' tha, nif ha had a had tha. Vor why? Tha haſt no Stroil ner Docity, no Vittineſs in enny keendeſt Theng. — Tha cortſt tha natted Yeo now-reert, or bet leetle rather, laping o'er the *Yoanna Lock:* (Chell tell Vauther o't zo zoon es ha comath hum vrom Angle-bowing, don't queſſon't.) Hot ded tha Yoe do, whan tha had ſt a cort en by tha heend Legs o'en—(but vurſt ha button'd; — 'tes a Marl tad net a valled into tha Pancrock, as uzeth to do); but thof ha ded viggee, and potee, and towſee, and tervee, and louſtree, and ſpudlee, and wriggled, and pawed, and wraxled, and twined, and rattled, and teared, vig vig, vig vig, yeet rather than tha wudſt ha' enny more Champ, and Holſter, and Tanbaſt wi' en, tha tokſt en, and deſt wetherly boſt tha Neck o'en.

Thomaſin. And nif tha dedſt pick Prates upon me, and tell Vauther o', chell tell a zweet Rabble-rote upon thee, looks zee. Vor when tha ſhudſt be about tha Yeavling's Chuers, tha wut ſpudlee out the Yewmors, and ſcreedle over mun: And more and zo, tha wut roily eart upon wone, and eart upon another, zet Voaks to bate, lick a gurt Baarge as tha art: And than Getfer *Radger Sherwell* he muſt qualify't agen. When tha art zet agog, tha deſent caree who tha ſculleſt: 'Twos always thyUze; and chem ageſt tha wut zo avore thy

thy Een. Tha haſt tha very Daps o' thy old Ount *Sybly Moreman* upazet.

Wilmot. Why, ya gurt Roil, chant zo bad's thee. Thee wut ha' a Hy to enny Keſſen Soul. Than tha wut chocklee, and bannee, and blazee, and roundſhave enny body that deth bet zey Ay to tha. Tha wudſt buy tha Cot up to Town rather than thy Live, but tha haſſent tha wharewey; and tha wudſt kiſs tha Yeſs of *George Hoſegood* to ha' en; but tha haſent tha Why for Ay.

Thomaſin. How! ya gurt mulligrub Gurgin?

Wilmot. And thee art a long-hanged blowmonger Baarge vor telling me o' *Neckle Halſe*, and tha Square's Bealy, and tha Zeſs.

Thomaſin. And thee art a confounded Traſh vor telling me of an Under Bed blonket, and o' pounding Savin, and making Caucheries and Slotters wi't. Tha art a *Beagle*, Chun, pritch tha! vor anether Trick. Chad et in my Meend, and zo chave ſtill. Bet chawnt drow et out bevore tha begen'ſt agen, and than chell.

Wilmot. Heigo! Mrs. *Hi-go-ſhit!* A *Beagle?* And hot art thee? Tha wut drow, and hen, and ſlat, —— ſlat tha Podgers, ſlat tha Crock ſlat tha Keeve and tha Jibb, boſt tha Cloam. Tha haſt a moſt a ſtinned e'ery earthly Thing in tha Houz. Abſleutly tha art bygaged. Ay, ay, Ont *Magery* was Death tha near vor tha. Her moort ha' vet

et,

et, nif zo be tha hadſt net let her totee up and down zo ort.

Thomaſin. Why there low! *Bygaged!* And hot dedſt thee do bet jeſt now-reert? Tha henſt along thy Torn, tha wud'ſt ha' borſt en to Shivers, nif chad net a vung en, and pung'd en back agen. Than tha wut ſnappy, and than tha wut caniffiee, and than tha wut bloggy.

Wilmot. And hot art thee? A brocking Mungrel, a ſkulking Mea-zel!— And eet a vore oll * good for nort bet ſcollee, avore tha art a hoazed that tha caſt ſcarce yeppy. Petha, deſt thenk enny Theng will goodee or vittee wi' enny zitch a Trub es thee art, — tha deſt net caree to zey thy Praers? — bet — wut ſtrammee, and fibbee, and blazee, and bannee: And more an zo, wut coltee and riggee wi' enny Trolubber that comath athert tha. And whan tha deſt zey mun, 'tis bet whi'ſt tha art ſcrubbing, hewſtring, and rittling abed. And, nif by gurt Hap tha deſt zey mun at oll, thy Marrabones ſhan't kneelee,—thof tha caſt ruckee well a fine.— 'Tes a Marl if e'er tha comſt to Hewn only to zey men; zence tha ne'er zeſt men, chell warndy, but whan tha art half azlape, half-dozy, or ſcrubbing o' thy ſcabbed Yeſs, whan tha art a coal-varting abed †, ya gurt Lollipot!——Tha hasn't tha Senſe to ſtile thy own Dreſſing. Vor why, zet wel et arter tha, ether antlebeer lick tha Doorns of a Door, or wotherway

* See Note in Page 6. † See Note in Page 7.

wotherway twel zet e-long or a weewow, or oll a puckering. Tha zedſt twos ſquelſtring and whot while er. Ad! tha wut be mickled and a ſteeved wi' tha Cold vore *'T Andra's Tide*, Chun, nif tha deſſent buy tha a new Whittle.

Thomaſin. Why, ya gurt Kickhammer Baggage! thee art good vor no Sauce. Tha wut net break the Cantlebone o' thy tether Eend wi' chuering, chell warndy; tha wet net take et zo vreache, ya ſauntering Troant!

Wilmot. Heigo! ſauntering Troant than! Vor why vore deſt tell wone, than, o' tha Rex-buſh, and tha Hey-pook, and tha Zeſs?

Thomaſin. And why vore deſt thee drow vore zitch Spalls to me?——Go pey tha Score vor tha Lecker tha haſt a had zo ort in thy Teening Bottle.———There's a Rumple, Chun!

Wilmot. Nif tha young *George Hoſegood* had a had tha, he murt a *hozed* in a little Time. Ha wud zoon ha' be' condidled.—Yeet a-vore oll, avore Voak, tha wut luſtree, and lowzee, and chewree, and bucklee, and tear, make wiſe, as anybody paſſath; but out o' Zeert a ſpare Totle in enny keendeſt Theng.

Thomaſin. Why, thare's Odds betwe' Sh—ng and Tearing won's Yeſs. Wone muſſent olweys be a booſtering, muſt a?——But thee,—thee wut ſteehoppee, and colty, and hoppy, and riggy

wi

wi' enny Keſſon Zoul: Oll vor whiſtering and piſtering, and hoaling and halzening, or cuffing a Tale.

Wilmot. Ad! tell me o' hobbing and rigging, chel vlee to tha' Kep o' tha.

[*Pulls her Poll.*

Thomaſin. Oh!—oh!—Mo-ather!—Mo-ather!—Murder!—Oh! Mo-ather!—Her hath a chuck'd ma wi' tha Chingſtey.—Es verly bleive es ſhell ne'er vet et.—And nif's don't vet et, looks zee, in a Twelvemonth and a Dey, Cuzzen *Keſter Broom* ſhell zee tha a treſt up a Ground.—He ſhall zee tha zwinged, fath!

Enter the Old Julian Moreman.

Julian. Labbe, labbe, Soze, labbe.——Gi' o'er, gi' o'er: *—*Tamzen* and Thee be olweys wother egging or veaking, jawing or ſneering, blazing or racing, kerping or ſpeaking cutted, chittering or drowing vore o' Spalls, purting or jowering, yerring or chounting, taking Owl o' wone Theng or Pip o' tether, chockling or poochching, ripping up or roundſhaving wone tether, ſtivering or grizzling, tacking or buſking, a prill'd or a muggard, blogging or glumping, rearing or ſnapping, vrom Candle-douting to Candle-teening in tha Yeavling,——gurt Hap elſe.

So ends the SCOLDING.

* Speaking to *Wilmot*, who had pulled *Thomaſin*'s Cap.

AN

AN

EXMOOR COURTSHIP;

OR,

A Suitoring Diſcourſe,

IN THE

Devonſhire Dialect and Mode,

NEAR

The Foreſt of *Exmoor*.

The Perſons.

Andrew Moreman, a young Farmer.

Margery Vagwell, his Sweetheart.

Old Grammer *Nell*, Grammer to *Margery*.

Thomaſin, Siſter to *Margery*.

AN

EXMOOR COURTSHIP.

SCENE — *Margery*'s Home.

To Margery *enter* Andrew.

Andrew. HOW goeth et, Cozen *Magery?*

Margery. Hoh! Cozen *Andra*, how d'ye try?

Andrew. Come, let's ſhake Honds, thof Kiſſing be ſcarce.

Margery. Kiſſing's plenty enow; bet chud zo leefe kiſs the Back o' ma Hond es e'er a Man in *Challacomb*, or yeet in *Paracomb*; no Diſpreze.

Andrew. Es dont believe thate *, yeet es believe well too.

[*Zwop! he kiſſes and ſmuggles her.*

* *Thate* is the proper Word here, according to the *Exmoor* Dialect; though *Thek* was in the former Editions improperly inſerted inſtead thereof. 'Tis true the Word *Thek*, as well as *Theckee* or *Thecka*, is (generally but not always) uſed for *That*, when

Margery. Hemph!—Oh! tha vary Vengeance out o' tha!—Tha haſt a creem'd ma Yearms, and a moſt a boſt ma Neck ——— Well, bet, vor all, how doſt try, es zey, Cozen *Andra?* Es hant a zee'd ye a gurt while.

Andrew.

when it is a Pronoun Demonſtrative; but never when it is a Pronoun Relative, or a Conjunction, in which Caſes *Thet* or *Thate* is the Word uſed. The Devonians however in their Diſtinction between *Theck* or *Theckee*, and *That*, do not altogether conform to that which our Saxon Anceſtors made between Thỳllic or Thỳlc (whence the Scotch *Thilk*), Thỳllice or Thỳlce, *hic* & *hæc talis*, and their Thaꝛ or Thaeꝛ, by which they commonly expreſs'd *id*, *illum*, *illud*, *iſtud*, *hoc*, *iſtoc*, &c. The Devonſhire Uſe of theſe Words may be exemplified by the following Phraſes:

—— "Hot's *thet* tha zeſt? What a gurt Lee es *thate!* "The Man *thet* told tha *thecka* Story, thof 'a murt zey theeze "Theng and *thicky*, whan a had a Parwobble weth tha, to "make hes Tale hang vittily together, cou'dn't bleeve et 'es "own zell: Shore and ſhore, *thek* Man ſhou'd a' had the "Whitſtone."

This is the proper Exmoorian Language, and in plain Engliſh runs thus:

"What's that thou ſayeſt? What a great Lye is that! The Man who told thee that Story, though he might ſay this and that Thing when he held a Parley (or Conference) with thee the better to connect and embelliſh his Tale, could not believe it himſelf: Verily and indeed that Man ſhould have had the *Whetſtone*."

And here it may be requiſite to obſerve, that the *Whetſtone* is deem'd a proper Preſent for a notorious Liar, or one who has aſſerted the Truth of an incredible Story: For this, different Reaſons have been aſſign'd. Some have ſuppoſed it might be

Andrew. Why, fath, Cozen *Magery*, nort marchantable, e'er zince es ſcoaſt a Tack or two wey *Rager Vrogwell* tether Day.—Bet zugs! es trem'd en and vagg'd en zo, that he'll veel et vor wone while, chell warndy.

Margery.

be by way of Alluſion to the Story of *Attius Navius* *, the celebrated Augur; who being required by *Tarquinius Priſcus*, when queſtioning the Utility of his Art, to determine thereby whether his then concealed Deſign was feaſible or not, performed the uſual Auguries on that Occaſion, and anſwered him in the Affirmative: And then the King informing him that his Deſign was to have ſuch a Stone as he then produced to be cut in Two with a Razor that had been whetted thereon, the Augur is ſaid to have eſtabliſhed his Credit by cutting through the Whetſtone with the Razor, in the King's Preſence.

But the following Anecdote, communicated by the late Mr. *Brice*, and ſubjoin'd to the Vocabulary annex'd to the Seventh Edition of theſe Dialogues, was by Him ſuppoſed to be the real Origin of a Liar's Claim to the *Whetſtone*.

Two Journeymen Shoe-makers working together in the ſame Shop, in or near *Exeter*, had a Diſpute concerning their Property in a *Whetſtone*, (a neceſſary Implement of theirs,) each claiming it as their own: At length it was propoſed, that he of the two that could tell the greateſt Lie, in the Judgment of a third Perſon then preſent, to whoſe Deciſion it was deferr'd, ſhould have the *Whetſtone* to his own Uſe. This being agreed to, the One to make ſure of it aſſerted, that he once *drove a Nail through the Moon:* The other readily acknowledged this to be *true*, ſwearing that he at the ſame Time ſtood on the other Side of the Moon and *clinch'd it:* Upon which this latter was immediately judg'd to have an indiſputable Title to the *Whetſtone*.—Hence the *Whetſtone* came to be deem'd a proper Preſent for a notorious Liar; & hence every great Lie, when intended to corroborate another, is call'd a *Clincher*.

* This Augur's Name is ſpelt differently by different Authors:—By *Cicero, de Divinatione*, Lib. I. § 17. ATTIUS NAVIUS. By *Lactantius, de Origine Erroris*, Lib. II. § 7. ACCIUS NAVIUS: And ſo by *Livy*, Lib. I. Chap. 36. But in ſome MSS. NÆVIUS. By *Dionyſius Halicar. Ant. Rom. Hiſt.* Lib. III. Ἀττιος Νεβιος, *Val. Maximus de Auſpiciis*, ATIUS NAVUS.

Margery. How, Cozen *Andra!* Why es thort you coudent a vort zo.

Andrew. Why, 'twos oll about *thee*, mun; — vor es chan't hire an eel Word o' tha.

Margery. How! about *me!*—Why, why vore about *me*, good zweet now?——Of a Ground ha can zey no Harm by ma.

Andrew. Well, well, no Mater. Es coudent hire tha a run down, and a roilad upon zo, and zet ſtill lick a Mumchance, and net pritch en vort.

Margery. Why, whot, and be hang'd to en, cou'd a zey o' *me*, a gurt Meazel?

Andrew. Es begit tha Words now; — bet ha roilad zo, that es coudent bear et.— Bet a dedent loſt hes Labour, fath; vor es toz'd en, es lamb'd en, es lace'd en, es thong'd en, es draſh'd en, es drubb'd en, es tann'd en to the true Ben, fath:— Bet ſtap! cham avore ma Story.——Zes I, *Thee, thee art a pretty Vella!* Zes he, *Gar! thee caſſent make a pretty Vella o' ma.*—— *No, agar*, zeys I, *vor th' art too ugly to be made a pretty Vella, that's true enow.* Gar! a was woundy mad thoa *.— *Chell try thate*, zeys he. — *As zoon's tha wut*, zes I.——Zo up a roze, and to't we went——Vurſt a geed ma a Whiſterpoop under tha Year, and vorewey a geed ma a Vulch in tha Leer.——Ad! thoa

* *Tho* or *thoa* is uſed for *Then*, when ſpoken of Time *paſt*; but *Than* when referred to *future*.

thoa es rakad up, and tuck en be tha Collar, and zo box'd en, and zlapp'd en, that es made hes Kep hoppy, and hes Yead addle to en.

Margery. Well, es thenk ye, Cozen *Andra*, vor taking wone's Peart zo. —— Bet cham ageſt he'll go vor a Varrant vor ye, and take ye bevore tha Cunſabel; and than ye mey be bound over, and be vorſt to g' in to *Exter* to Zizes; and than a mey zwear tha Peace of es, you know. --- Es en et better to drenk Vriends and make et up?

Andrew. Go vor a Varrant! Ad! let en, let en go; chell net hender en: Vor there's *Tom Vuzz* can take his cornoral Oath that *he* begun vurſt.—— And if he deth, chell ha' as good a Varrant vor *he*, as he can for *me*, dont queſſon et: Vor the Turney into *Moulton* knowth *me*, good now, and has had zome zweet Pounds o'Vauther bevore ha dy'd. And if he's a meended to go to La, es can ſpend Vorty or Vifty Shillings as well's he. And zo let en go, and whipe whot a zets upon o' Zendeys wey hes Varrant.--Bet hang en, let's ha nort more to zey about en; vor chave better Bezeneze in Hond a gurt deal.

[*He takes hold of her and paddles in her Neck and Boſom.*]

Margery. Come, be quite;—be quite, es zey, a grabbling o' wone's Tetties.---Es wont ha' ma Tetties a grabbled zo; ner es wont be mullad and ſoulad.——Stand azide; come, gi' o'er.

Andrew.

Andrew. Lock, lock! How ſkittiſh we be now! You werent zo ſkittiſh wey *Keſter Hoſegood* up to *Daraty Vuzz*'s Up-zetting.--No, no, you werent zo ſkittiſh thoa, ner zo ſqueamiſh nether.---*He* murt mully and ſoully tell a wos weary.

Margery. Es believe the very Dowl's in Voke vor leeing.

Andrew. How! zure and zure, you wont deny et, wull ye, whan all tha Voaken took Noteze o' et.

Margery. Why, Cozen *Andra*, thes wos the whole Fump o' the Beſeneze. —— Chaw'r in wey en to daunce; and whan the Daunce was out, tha Croud cry'd *Squeak*, *ſqueak*, *ſqueak*, *ſqueak*, (as a uzeth to do, you know) and a cort ma about tha Neck, and woudent be a zed, bet a woud kiſs ma, in ſpite o' ma, do what es coud to hender en.--- Es coud a borſt tha Croud in Shivers, and tha Crouder too, a voul Zlave as a wos, and hes Viddleſtick into the Bargain.

Andrew. Well, well, es b'ent angry, mun.--- And zo let's kiſs and Vriends.——— [*Kiſſes her.*] ———Well, bet, Cozen *Magery*, oll thes while es hant told tha ma Arrant;---and chave an over Arrant to tha, mun.

Margery. [*Simpering.*] Good zweet now, whot Arrant es et? Es marl whot Arrant ye can ha' to *me*.

Andrew.

Andrew. Why, vath, chell tell tha. Whot zignivies et ta mence tha Mater? Tes thes, *bolus nolus* wut ha' ma?

Margery *Ha' ma?* Whot's thate? Es cant tell whot ya me-an by thate.

Andrew. Why, than, chell tell tha vlat and plean. Ya know es kep *Challacomb*-Moor in Hond; tes vull ſtated: But cham to chonge a Live for three Yallow-beels. And than there's tha Lant up to *Parracomb* Town: And whan es be to *Parracomb*, es muſt ha' wone that es can treſt to look arter tha gerred-teal'd Meazels, and to zar tha Ilt and tha Barra, and melk tha Kee to *Challacomb*, and to look arter tha Thengs o' tha Houze.

Margery. O Varjuice! Why, Cozen *Andra*, a good ſteady Zarrant can do oll thes.

Andrew. Po, po, po! chell treſt no Zarrants.--And more an zo, than they'll zey by me, as they ded by Gaffer *Hill* tether Day: — *They made two Beds, and ded g' in to wone.* —— No, no, es bant zo mad nether.—— Well, bet, look, deſt zee, Cozen *Magery*; zo vur vore es tha wut ha' ma, chell put thy Live 'pon *Parracomb* Down. Tes wor twonty Nobles a Year and a Puſs to put min in.

Margery. O vile! whot marry?—— No, chant ha' tha beſt Man in *Challacomb*, nor yeet in *Parracomb.* Na, chell ne'er marry, vor ort's know. No, no; they zey thare be more a marry'd aready

than can boil tha Crock o' Zendeys.——No, no, Cozen *Andra*; es coud amorſt zwear chudent ha' tha beſt Square in oll *Ingland*.——— Bet come; prey, Cozen *Andra*, zet down a lit. Es muſt g'up in Chember, and ſpeak a Word or two wey Zeſter *Tamzin*. Hare's darning up of old Blonkets, and rearting tha Peels, and ſnapping o' Vleas.—Es ell come agen prezently.

Andrew. Well, do than; bet make Haſte, d'ye zee.——Me-an time chell read o'er the new Ballet cheve in ma Pocket.

Margery. New Ballet! O good now, let's hire ye zing et up.

Andrew. Zing!—— No, no; tes no zinging Ballet, mun; bet tes a godly one good now.

Margery. Why whot's't about, than?

Andrew. Why, tes about a Boy that kill'd hes Vauther; and how hes Vauther went agen, in Shape of a gurt voul Theng, wey a cloven Voot, and Vlaſhes o' Vire, and troubled the Houze zo, that tha Whatjecomb, tha Whit-Witch, wos vorſt to lay en in the Red-Zea; and how the Boy repented, and went diſtracted, and wos taken up, and wos hang'd vor't, and zung Saums, and zed his Praers. 'Twull do your Heart good to hire et, and make ye cry lick enny Theng— There's tha Picture o'en too, and tha Parſon, and tha Dowl, and the Ghoſt, and the Gallows.

Mar-

Margery. Bet es et true, be zure.

Andrew. True? O La! Yes, yes; es olways look to thate. Look zee, tes here in Prent— * *Liſſen'd according to Order.* — That's olweys prented on whot's true, mun.—Es took care to zee thate whan es bort en.

Margery. Well, well, read et; — and chell g'up to Zeſter.

* So Country People us'd to read *Licenſed.*

SCENE — The Chamber.

To Thomaſin *enter* Margery.

Margery. OH! Zeſter *Tamzen!* — Odd! ee es a come along, and vath and trath hath a put vore tha Queſſon to ma a' ready. — Es verly beleive tha Banes wull g' in next Zindey—Tes oll es ho'† vor.——Bet es tell en, *Marry a-ketha!* and tell en downreert es chant marry tha beſt Man in *Sherwill* Hunderd. —— Bet deſt tha hire ma, Zeſter *Tamzen*; dont ye be a Labb o' tha Tongue in what cham a going to zey, and than chell tell tha zometheng: ——. The Banes, cham amorſt zure, wull g' in ether a Zindey or a Zindey-zenneert to vurdeſt. Es net aboo Two and Twonty; — a ſpicy Vella and

† *Ho'* is here an Abbreviation of *Hope.*

a vitty Vella vor enny keendeſt Theng. ——Thee know'ſt *Jo Hoſegood* es reckon'd a vitty Vella: Poo! Es a zooterly Vella to *Andra*; there's no Compare.

Thomaſin. Go, ya wicked Counterveit! why deſt lee zo agenſt thy Meend; and whan ha put vore tha Queſſon tell en tha wudſent marry? — Bezides, zo vur as tha know'ſt, ha murt take Pip o', and meach off, and come no more anearſt tha.

Margery. Go, ya Alkitotle! ya gurt vooleſh Trapes! Deſt thee thenk a beleev'd ma, whan es zed chudent marry? Ee es net zo zart-a-baked nether. Vor why? Es wudent be too vurward nether; vor than ee murt dra back.——No, no; vor oll whot's zed, es hope tha Banes wull go in, es zey, next Zindey.——And vath, nif 's do vall over the Deſk, twont thir ma, ner yeet borſt ma Bones.—— Bet nif they dont g' in by Zindey-zenneert, chell tell tha, in ſhort Company, es chell borſt ma Heart.—— Bet es muſt go down to en; vor he's by es zel oll theez while.

* *

SCENE—The Ground Room again.

To Andrew *enter* Margery.

Andrew. WELL, Cozen *Magery*, cham glad you're come agen: Vor thes Ballet es zo very good, that et makes wone's Heart troubled to read et.

Margery.

Margery. Why, put et up than, while es git a Putcher o' Cyder. Wull ye eat a Crouſt o' Brid and Cheeze, Cozen *Andra.*

Andrew. No, es thankee, Cozen *Magery*; vor es eat a Crub as es come along; bezides es went to Dinner jeſt avore.——— Well, bet, Cozen *Magery*, whot Onſer deſt gi' ma to tha Queſſon es put vore now-reert.

Margery. What Queſſon was et?

Andrew. Why, zure, ya bant zo vorgetvul. Why, tha Queſſon es put a little rather.

Margery. Es dont know what Queſſon ye meean; es begit whot Queſſon twos.

Andrew. Why, to tell tha vlat and plane agen, twos thes; *Wut ha' ma, ay or no.*

Margery. Whot! marry to Earteen? — Es gee tha zame Onſer es geed avore, Es wudent marry the beſt Man in oll *Ingland.* Es cud amorſt zwear chud ne'er marry at oll.—— And more and zo, Cozen *Andra*, cham a told ya keep Company wey *Tamzen Hoſegood*, thek gurt banging, thonging, muxy Drawbreech; a daggle-teal'd Jade; a zower-zop'd, yerring, chockling Traſh, a buzzom-chuck'd haggaging Moyle, a gurt Fuſtilug. Hare's a Trub! And nif ya keep hare Company, es'll ha no more to zey to tha.

Andrew. Ay, thes es *Jo Hoſegood*'s Flim-flam.— Oh, tha very Vengance out o'en!

Margery.

Margery. No, no; tes none of *Jo Hoſegood*'s Flim-flam; bet zo tha Crime o' tha Country goth.

Andrew. Ah, bet twos *Jo Hoſegood*'s zetting vore in tha vurſt Place. Ha wull lee a Rope upreert. —— Whan a hath a took a Shord, and a paddled, ha wull tell Doil, tell Dildrams, and roily upon enny Keſſon Zoul.—Ad! nif es come athert en, chell gee en a Lick; — chell ly en o'er tha Years; — chell plim en, chell toze en, chell cotten en, chell thong en, chell tann en; — chell gee en a Strat in the Chups;—chell vag en, chell trem en, chell draſh en, chell curry hes Coat vor en;—chell drub en, chell make hes Kep hoppy. —Ad! chell gee en zutch a Zwop! — chell gee en a Whappet, and a Wherret, and a Whiſterpoop too:—Ad! chell baſte en to tha true Ben.

[*Speaks in a great Paſſion, and ſhews with his Hands how he'll beat his Adverſary*]

Margery. Lock, lock, lock! Cozen *Andra!* Vor why vore be ye in zitch a vuſtin Vume? — Why, es dont zey twos *Jo Hoſegood* zed zo, bet only zo tha Crime o' tha Country goth.

Andrew. Well, well, Cozen *Magery*, be't how twull, what caree I?—And zo, Good-buy, Good-buy t'ye, Cozen *Magery.*—Nif Voaken be jealous avore they be married, zo they may arter.—— Zo Good-buy, Cozen *Magery.* Chell net trouble ye agen vor wone while, chell warndy.

[*Going.*]

Mar-

Margery. [*Calling after him.*] Bet hearky, hearky a Bit, Cozen *Andra!* Es wudent ha ye go away angry nether. Zure and zure you wont deny to ſee me drenk?—Why ya hant a taſted our Cyder yet. [*Andrew returns.*] Come, Cozen *Anara*, here's t'ye.

Andrew. Na, vor that Matter, es owe no Ill-will to enny Keſſon, net I — Bet es wont drenk, nether, except ya vurſt kiſs and Vriends.

[*Kiſſes her.*]

Margery. Ya wont be a zed.— [*He drinks.*]— Well, bet hearky, Cozen *Andra*; wont ye g' up and zee Grammer avore ye g' up to *Challacomb?*— Tes bet jeſt over tha Paddick, and along tha Park.

Andrew. Es carent much nif's do go zee Old Ont *Nell.*—And how do hare tare along?

Margery. Rub along, d'ye zey?—Oh! Grammer's wor Vower Hunderd Pounds, reckon tha Goods indoor and out a door.

Andrew. Cham glad to hire et; vor es olweys thort her to ha be bare Buckle and Thongs.

Margery. Oh! no, mun; hare's mearty well to paſs, and maketh gurt Account o' *me*, good now.

Andrew. Cham glad to hire o' thet too. Mey be hare mey gee tha a good Stub.——Come, let's g' ender than.

[*Takes her Arm under his, and leads her.*]

SCENE

SCENE — Old Grammer *Nell*'s.

To her enter Andrew *and* Margery.

Andrew. GOOD Den, good Den, Ont *Nell.*— Well, how d'ye try? How goth et wey ye.

Old Nell. Why, vath, Cozen *Andra*, pritty vitty, whot's chur. Chad a Glam or two about ma.— Chad a Crick in ma Back and in ma Niddick. Thoa chur a lamps'd in wone o' ma Yearms. Tho come to a Heartgun. Vorewey ſtruck out and come to a Barngun. Tho come to an Allern-batch; and vorewey vell in upon ma Bones, and come to a Boneſhave. —— Bet e'er zenz the Old *Jillian Vrinkle* bleſſed vore tes pritty vitty; and cham come to my Meat-liſt agen. —— Well, bet hearky, Cozen *Andra:* Es hire ya lick a lit about ma Cozen *Magery*; ay, and have ſmelled about her a pritty while. Chawr a told that ye ſimmered upon wone tether up to *Grace Vrogwill*'s Bed Ale. —— Well, Cozen *Andra*, twull do vary well vor both. No matter how zoon. Cham oll vore, and zo chawr zo zoon's es hir'd o'et.—Hare's net as zome Giglets, zome prenking mencing Thengs be, oll vor Gamboyling, Rumping, Steehopping, and Giggleting; bet a tyrant Maid vor Work, and tha ſtewarlieſt and vittieſt Wanch that comath on tha Stones o' *Moulton*, no Diſpreiſe.

Margery.

Margery. — [*Softly aſide to her.*] Thenk ye, Grammer, thenkee keendly.—And nif es ſhudent ha en ſhou'd borſt ma Heart.——[*Aloud.*] Good Grammer, don't tell me of marrying.— Chave a told Cozen *Andra* ma Meend aready, thet chell *ne'er* marry vor ort es know.

Old Nell. Stap hether, Cozen *Magery*, a lit and tarn theſe Cheeſen.— [*Pretendedly private to her.*] —Go, ya Alkitotle, why dedſt tell zo, tha wert ne'er marry? Tha wutten ha tha leek; a comely ſprey vitty Vella vor enny keendeſt Theng. Come, nif tha wut ha en, chell gee tha a good Stub.— Thare's net a ſpreyer Vella in *Challacomb*.

Margery. Bet, Grammer, wull ye be zo good's ya zey, nif zo be, vor your Zake, es vorce ma zel to let en lick a bit about ma?

Old Nell. Ay, es tell tha—[*Aſide.*]——Cham ageſt hare'll dra en into a Promiſh wone Dey or wother.

Andrew. Well, Ont *Nell*, es hired whot ya zed, and es thank ye too.— Bet now chave a zeed ye, tes zo good as chad a eat ye, as they uze to zey. Es muſt go home now as vaſt as es can.—Cozen *Magery*, wont ye go wey ma a lit Wey.

Margery. May be es mey go up and zee Ont *Moreman*, and mey be es mant.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE — The open Country.

Enter Andrew *followed by* Margery.

Margery. AD! es 'll zee en up to *Challacomb*-Moor Stile. —— Now muſt es make wiſe chawr a going to Ont *Moreman*'s, and only come theez Wey. [*Aſide.*

Andrew. [*Spying her.*] Cozen *Magery*, Cozen *Magery!* ſtap a lit. Whare zo vaſt mun? —— [*She ſtays.*] —Zo, now es zee ya be as good as yer Word; na, and better; vor tha zedſt *mey be chell and mey be chont.*

Margery. Oh, ya take tha Words tether Way. Es zed *mey be chell, and mey be chont, go up and zee Ont Moreman.* Es zed no more an zo. Es go thes Wey vor to zee *hare* that es oll. Bet chudent go zo vur to meet enny Man in *Challacomb*, ner *Parracomb*, ner yeet in oll King *George*'s Kingdom, bleſs hes Worſhip! Meet tha Men aketha! —— Hah! be quiet, es zey, a creeming a Body zo. And more an zo, yer Beard precketh illvavourdly. Es marl what theſe gurt black Beards be good vor. Ya ha made ma Chucks buzzom.

Andrew. Well, whot's zey, Cozen *Magery?* Chell put in tha Banes a Zendey, *bolus nolus.*

Margery. Then es ell vorbed min, vath.

Andrew

Andrew. Oh! chell treſt tha vor thate. Es dont thenk you'll take zo much Stomach to yer zel as to vorbed min avore zo menny Vokes.—Well, Cozen *Magery*, good Neart.

Margery. Cozen *Andra*, good Neart.—— Es wiſh ye well to do.

SCENE — Margery's Home.

To Thomaſin *enter* Margery.

Margery. ZESTER *Tamzen*, whare art? Whare art, a popeling and a pulching? Doſt hire ma?

Thomaſin. Lock, lock, lock! Whot's the Matter, *Magery*, that tha leapeſt, and capereſt, and zing'ſt zo? What art tha hanteck?

Margery. That's nort to nobody. Chel whiſtley, and capery, and zing, vor oll thee.——Bet yeet avor oll, nif tha wuttent be a Labb of tha Tongue now, chell tell tha zometheng. — Zart! whiſtery! —— Ma Banes g' in a Zendey, vath, to *Andra*, the ſpiceſt Vella in *Sherwill* Hunderd.

Thomaſin. O La! why thare lo! Now we ſhall be marry'd near together; vor mine be in and out agen;—thof my Man dont yeet tell ma tha Dey. Es marl ha dont pointee whot's in tha Meend o'en.

Margery. Chell g' in to *Moulton* To-marra pritty taply, to buy zome Canveſt vor a new Chonge.

Thomaſin. Ay, ay; zo do; vor tha caſſent tell what may happen to tha in thy middle Banes.

Margery. How! ya gurt Trapes! – Whot deſt me-an by thate? Es ſcorn tha Words. Ded ort hap to *thee* in *thy* middle Banes? Happen aketha!

Thomaſin. Hah! Ort happen to *me* in my middle Banes? Es ſcorn et to tha Dert o' ma Shoes, looks zee, ya mencing, kerping Baggage.—— Varewell.

F I N I S.

30 71 OCT

A

VOCABULARY or GLOSSARY,

EXPLAINING

The most difficult WORDS in the foregoing DIALOGUES.

A

AGest, *aghest*, or *agast*, Afraid, terrified; — and sometimes us'd to express such great Terror, as if a *Ghost* had appear'd: a Goth. Agis, *timor*; A. S. Eȝe, *timor*; Eȝeȝa, *honor*; Eȝeȝful, *terribilis*; Teut. Egisso, *Pavor*; Gr. Αγαστος, ab ἀγαω, *valde miror*; unde Gast, *Spectrum*, a *Ghost*.

Agging, murmuring, provoking, egging on, or raising Quarrels.

Alkitotle, a silly Elf, or foolish Oaf. [Perhaps a foolish Creature troubled with Fits or Epilepsies, to which the Elk (in Latin *Alce*,) is said to be subject. Qr.] Ab A. S. Ælcian, *morari*, et tealtian, *vacillare*.

Allernbatch, an old Sore: From the Angl. Sax. Ælbon, and F. G. *Bosse*, a Botch. — [or perhaps from A. S Ælan, *accendere*, *Botch* ut supra; and then it may signify a Carbuncle or burning Boil.]

A-long, as spelt in some former Editions, but should be *E-long*, means slanting.

Angle-bowing, a Kind of Fencing against Sheep: From A. S. Anȝel, *a Hook or bending of a Fishing-Rod*.— See the Note thereon, Page 11.

Antle beer, Cross-wise, irregular: Ab *Antæ*, the Door-Posts.

A-prill'd, Sour'd, or beggining to turn sour, when applied to Milk, Beer, &c.—[sometimes, to be prickt or gored, so as to be made to fret and fume. Vide *Skinner*.]

Apurt,

Apurt, Sullen; — diſdainfully ſilent, with a glouting look; — in a ſour dogged Diſpoſition.

Avroar or *Avraur*, Frozen, Froſty.

An *Axwaddle* or Axwaddler (from the Devonſhire Word *Axen* for *Aſhes*,) An *Aſh-Padder* or *Pedlar*; one that collects and deals in Aſhes: Sometimes one that tumbles in them.— (Hence an *Axen-Cat*) — ["and ſometimes one that paddles and draws Lines in them with a Stick or Poker."]

B

Ba-arge, (from the Saxon Beange, *majalis*, a Barrow-Pig,) generally us'd in Devonſhire to ſignify a fat heavy Perſon, one that is unweildy as a fatten'd Hog.

Baggaged or *By-gaged*, Behagged, i. e. Hag-ridden or bewitch'd.

Banging, large, great.

Barngun, Some fiery Pimples breaking out upon the Skin.— [Or perhaps a burning Sore of the *Eryſipelas* Kind, vulgarly call'd St. Anthony's Fire; but this is what the Devonians call *Ill-thing*:] From A. S. Bærn, to *burn*, and Gunb, *tabes*, *pus*.

Barra or *Barrow*, a gelt Pig.

Beat or *Peat*, Turf burnt for the Improvement of cold Land, commonly call'd *Burn-beating*, and in ſome Counties *Denſhiring*, becauſe frequently us'd in ſome Parts of Devonſhire.

Bed-Ale, Groaning Ale, that which is brew'd for a Goſſiping or Chriſtening Feaſt.

To the true *Ben* or *Bend*, Soundly and to the Purpoſe: *Bend*, Lignum, ſeu Materia exterior Navis, Laterum Firmamentum, ita Solea eſt Robur et Firmamentum Calcei, quo innititur.

Betwattled, Seized with a Fit of Tatling, or *Betotled* and turn'd Fool.

Blazing, Spreading abroad News, or blazoning and proclaiming the Faults of others. [*Belg.* Oor-blaeſen, to blow in one's Ear, meaning to *whiſper*.]

To *Blenky* or *Blenk*, To ſnow but ſparingly, reſembling the *Blinks* or Aſhes, that ſometimes fly out of a Chimney, and fall around the Place.

To *Bleſs vore* (i. e. to bleſs for it, with a View to cure it,) To uſe Charms or Spells to cure Diſorders. — "She ſhould have needed no more Spell." — Vid. Spenſer's Calender, Ægl. 3d. et Theocriti Idyll. B. Ver. 90.

Blog-

Blogging, Looking ſullen. — A Camb. B. Blug. — Vide ſupra, *Apurt.*

Blowmaunger (perhaps from the French *Blanc-manger*, White Meat, a Kind of Flummery,) us'd by the Exmoorians, &c. to denote a fat blown-cheek'd Perſon, as if blown up with Fat by full-feeding and junketing. — [or perhaps it may be applied to one who puffs and blows while he is eating.]

Blowmaunger Baarge, vide ſupra, under the Word *Baarge.*

Bone-ſhave, The Sciatica. See Note to Page 2.

Booſtering, Labouring buſily, ſo as to ſweat.

Bozzom or *Buzzom chuck'd*, The having a deep dark Redneſs in the Cheeks.

Briſs, Duſt.—*Briſs and Buttons*, Duſt and Sheep's Buttons or Sheep's Dung. See *Buttons.*

A *Brocking* Mungrel, a Mungrel Jade that is apt to throw her Rider. — From the Saxon Bnoc, *Caballus*, *Equus vilior*, and Mangene, a *Monger.*

Buckard or *Bucked*, when ſpoken of Milk, ſoured by keeping too long in the Milk-Bucket, or by being kept in a foul Bucket. — When ſpoken of other Things, — *hircum olens*, having a rankiſh Taſte and Smell.

To *Buckle* or *Buckle to*, to gird up the Loins, — to be diligent and active.

Buddled, Drowned, ſuffocated, as if in the Buddle Pool, and ſerv'd as Tin Ore, when waſh'd.

Buldering Weather, hot and ſultry; tending to thunder; a Dan. Buldrer, perſtrepere.

Buſking, Running up againſt one-another's Buſk, by Way of Provocation. Q?

Buttons, beſides the commonly-known Meaning of the Word, is ſometimes us'd to expreſs *Sheep's Dung*, and other *Buttons* of that Kind; as alſo the *Burs* on the Herb *Burdock*, but theſe, in Devonſhire, are call'd *Cuckold Buttons*, in ſome other Places *Beggars Buttons.*

Buzzom and *Buzzom-chuck'd.* See *Bozzom.*

C

Candle-teening, Candle-lighting — To *teen* and *dout* the Candle, means to *put in* and *put out* the Candle.

To *Caniffle* or *Canifflee*, to diſſemble and flatter.

Cat-

Cat-ham'd, ungainly, fumbling, without any Dexterity.

Caucheries, perhaps for potential *Cauteries*, Gr. Κυκητον) Cauſtics or burning Medicines; but in Devonſhire means any Slops or Medicinal Compoſitions, without any Diſtinction; the ſame with *Couch* or *Cauch* [perhaps from the Gr. Κυκᾶν, *miſcere*, to mix or mingle.]

Champe, a Scuffle.

'Chave, i. e. *Ich have*, I have.—And ſo *'ch* for *Ich* (Sax. Ic, Germ. Ich, Ego) is prefix'd to many other Words; as in P. 34, "*mey be chell, and mey be chon't*," i. e. It may be I ſhall, and it may be I won't or will not.

A *Chaunge* or *Chonge*, a Shirt or Shift; — Becauſe it ſhould be often *changed*.

Chockling, the cackling of a Hen when diſturb'd; and when ſpoken of a Man or Woman, means hectoring and ſcolding.

Chounting, taunting, ſcornfully reviling or jeering.—This is not deriv'd from *chanting*, nor has any relation thereto, unleſs meant in a harſh diſagreeable Tone; poſſibly from the Br. Ceintach, to quarrel, bicker, or ſcuffle,---Ceintachus, contentious, quarrelſome.

Chuer, in other Counties a *Chare*, a Jobb of Work; generally applied to the Work of a Perſon who aſſiſts on all Occaſions, and in different Kinds of Work: Hence a *Chare-woman* or *Chewrer*, who helps the Servants in a Family.

To *Chuery* or *Chewree*, to aſſiſt the Servants, and ſupply their Places occaſionally, in the moſt ſervile Work of the Houſe.

Clathing, Cloathing.—*Clathers*, Clothes.

Chun, Quean or Woman, — ab A. S. Cpen, vel *Queana uxor imperatrix*, *meretrix*, and ſometimes *fœmina*, without diſtinguiſhing her Quality: But a *Quean*, in old Engliſh Authors moſt commonly meant a *Whore*, and generally *now* denotes a bad Sort of a Woman.

Clam, a Stick laid over a Brook or Stream of Water to clamber over, ſupplying the Want of a Bridge.

Clome, (perhaps from Loam,) Earthen Ware.

Coad, or *Caud*, unhealthy, conſumptive, or cored like a rotten Sheep.

Cockleert (i. e. Cock light) *Diluculum*, the Dawn, when the Cock crows.— In the Evening, *Crepuſculum*.

Cod-Glove, a Furze Glove without Fingers.

To

To *Coltee*, to act the Hobby-Horse, to be as playful as a young Colt.

To *Condiddle*, to waste, disperse, or convey away secretly or imperceptibly.

Condiddled, insensibly wasted away.—Spoken of Goods or Substance, clandestinely and gradually spent and consumed.

To *Creem*, to squeeze, and as it were to cramp.

Crewdling, a cold, dull, unactive, and sickly Person, whose Blood seems to be as it were curdled.

Crewnting or *Cruning*, Groaning, like a grunting Horse.

The *Crime of the Country*, the whole Cry, or common Report of the Neighbourhood.

Crock, (Sax. Cnocca,) always means a *Pottage-Pot*, when not distinguish'd by an Adjunct; but besides this *Porridge Crock* (as 'tis sometimes call'd) there is the *Butter Crock*, by which the Devonians mean an Earthen Vessel or Jar to *pot* Butter in; and the *Pan Crock*; which see in its Place.

A *Croud*, a Fiddle.

A *Crub*, a Crumb of dry Bread, with or without Cheese.

To *Cuff* a Tale, To exchange Stories, as if contending for the Mastery;—or to canvas a Story between one and another.

Τον δαπαμειβομενος
τον δημειβετ' επειτα — Homer.

D

The very *Daps* of a Person,—The Aptes, Aptitudes, or Attitudes: The exact Likeness of another, in all his Gestures and Motions.

To *Dere*, to hurry, frighten, or astonish a Child.—See *Thir*.

Dem! You Slut!

Good *Den*, Good E'en, Good Even,—An Afternoon Salutation—Vide Shakespeare's *Romeo* and *Juliet*:

" *Mercutio*. God ye Good E'en, fair Gentlewoman!
" *Nurse*. Is it Good E'en?
" *Mercutio*. 'Tis no less I tell you, &c."

To tell *Dildrams* and *Buckingham Jenkins*, to talk strangely and out of the Way.—The latter seems to be an Allusion to some old incredible Story or Ballad concerning one *Jenkins* of *Buckingham*.

ingham. Q. Whether that *Jenkins*, who is ſaid to have liv'd to the Age of 167 Years, was a Buckinghamſhire Man? or what other Perſon of that Name may be alluded to?

The *Dimmet*, the Duſk of the Evening.

No *Direct*, no plain downright Truth, and conſequently no Truſt to be given.

To *Doattee*, to nod the Head when Sleep comes on whilſt One is ſitting up.

To tell *Doil*, to tell like a ſick Man when delirious.

The *Dorns*, the Door Poſts.

It *Doveth*, it thaws.

The *Dowl* or *Dœul*, the Devil.

A muxy *Drawbreech*, a lazy filthy Jade, that hangs an A--ſe as if overloaden by Dirt at her Tail.

Dugged, *Dugged teal'd*, and *Daggle-teal'd*, Wet, and with the Tail of the Garment dragg'd along in the Dirt.

To *Dwallee* or *Dwaule*, to talk incoherently, or like a Perſon in a Delirium.

E

Eart one, *eart* t'other,—Now one, then the other.

Egging, ſpurring on, or provoking.

E-long, ſlanting.

Elt, See *Ilt*.

Es, that is *Iſe* (the Scotch of the Pronoun *Ego*) which, as well as *Ich*, is ſometimes uſed in Devon for I.—(See *Chave*)—*Es* or *Ez* is alſo ſometimes uſed for *is*.

F

Fouſt or *a-fouſt*, Dirty and ſoil'd; but this Word is not uſed in Devonſhire to expreſs *mouldineſs*, as in ſome other Counties.

Fulch or *Vulch*, a puſhing Stroke with the Fiſt, directed upward;—from *fulcio*, *fulcire*, to prop up or ſupport.

Full-ſtated, Spoken of a Leaſehold Eſtate that has *Three* Lives ſubſiſting thereon; that is, when it is held for a Term, which will not determine till the Death of the Survivor of Three Perſons ſtill living.

The whole *Fump* of the Buſineſs,—for *Frump*, *(Sanna)*—The whole of the Jeſt; or all the Circumſtances of a Story, and the Means by which it came to ſuch an Iſſue.

Fuſty-lugs, — ſpoken of a big-boned Perſon, — a Great foul Creature.

The

G

The *Gammerels*, the lower Hams, or the Small of the Leg.

A *Gapeſneſt* or *Gapeſneſs*, a Wonderment, a ſtrange Sight.— "Fit only for a *Gapeſneſs*," i. e Fit only to be ſtared at, as ſome ſtrange uncommon Creature.

Geowering or *Jowering*, Brawling or Quarrelling; à Teut. Gherren, *rixari*; Fr. G. *Guerroyer*.

Gerred or *Girred*, for *Gorred*; Dirty or bedaub'd; from Ang. Sax. Gore, *lutum*, *ſtercus*.

Gerred-teal'd Meazles, Filthy Swine; — Becauſe frequently ſcrophulous, or, in many Places, ſpotted.

Glam, a Wound or Sore, a Cut or Bruiſe, Botch or Swelling, &c. an accidental Hurt. Vide *Lampſed*.

Glumping, Looking ſullen; Dark and lowering, gloomy or glum.

To *Gookee*, To have an awkward nodding of the Head, or bending of the Body backward and forward.

A *Gore Coat*, A Gown or Petticoat *gored*, or ſo cut as to be broad at the Bottom, and narrower at the upper Part; ſuch as may be ſeen in ſome ancient Pictures, particularly of Q. *Elizabeth*; from *Gore*, a Pleit or Slip.— Vide *Bull*'s Edit. of *Spenſer*'s Calendar, Ægl. 3.

To *Grabble*,—for Grapple.

To *Grizzle*, To grin, or ſmile with a ſort of Sneer.

A *Grizzle-de munay*, a fooliſh Creature that grins or laughs at any trifling Incident.

Gurt, Great.

Guttering, Guttling and devouring, eating greedily.

H

Ha-ape, Stop, or keep back.— [To *Ha-ape*, is generally applied by Plowmen, to the forcing the Oxen backward, to recover the proper Direction of the Furrow, which is termed *Haaping them back*; and the Word of Command to the Bullocks in this Caſe is, *Haape! Haape back!* — P. 9.— "*nif Vauther ded 'nt haape tha*;" i. e. If Father did not ſtop, reſtrain, and force thee to a contrary Courſe.

Haggage, an awkward ſlovenly Hag, or Slattern.

Haggle-tooth'd, Snaggle-tooth'd.

Halzening, predicting the worſt that can happen. — [à Sax. halrıan, *augurari.*

Hange or *Hanje*, The Purtenance of any Creature, join'd by the Gullet to the Head, and hanging all together, viz. the Lights, Heart, and Liver.

Hanteck, Antic or frantic.

Hare,—Her; by the Exmoorians alſo uſed for *She.*—[By the Corniſh (on the contrary) and alſo by ſome few Devonians, *She* is often uſed inſtead of *Her*, viz. in the Accuſative as well as Nominative Caſe.]

To *Hawchee*, to feed foully.

Hawchemouth'd, One that talks indecently,—or rather makes no Diſtinction between decent and indecent Language, but mouthes out what comes uppermoſt; and whoſe Diſcourſe therefore is a mere *Hotch-potch.*

To *Henn*, to take and throw. [Vid. *Spenſer*'s Calend. Ægl. 3. "The Pumie Stones I haſtily *hent* and threw."] But this Word is ſeldom uſed in Devon, though frequently in Cornwall.

Hewſtring, *Houſtring*, coughing, wheezing.

Heart gun, *(Cardialgia—Tabum quoddam Cordis:)* Some great Sickneſs in the Stomach, or Pain about the Heart, rather worſe than the common *Heart-burn.*

Hire,—uſed for *Hear.*

To *Hobby*, to play the Hobby-horſe, to be at Romps with the Men.

Holing, Calumniating; ab A. S. Hol, *Calumnia.*

Horry, foul and filthy; [Sax. þoꝛuȝ, *ſordidus*, *mucidus.*]

Hoazede Hoarſe.—See *Hozed* below.

To *Ho'ſter*, to huſtle and buſtle, to make a confounded Noiſe; ab A. S. þeolꝛten, *Chaos.*

To be *Hove up*, means the ſame as

Hozed or *Hawzed*, finely off!—Ironically ſpoken.—[Perhaps finely *houſed*, or in a fine *Hovel*; for the Word *Hobble* (probably from *Hovel)* is uſed by the Devonians ironically in much the ſame Senſe; as, ſuch a one is in a *fine Hobble!* meaning in ſome great Difficulty.]

A *Huckmuck*, a ſhort thick-ſhoulder'd Perſon; or rather meant for a Perſon with ſhort *Legs*, one whoſe *Hocks* are immers'd in, or beſpatter'd by, the *Muck* or *Dirt*; — or perhaps an unſhapely

unſhapely Creature like a Brewer's *Huckmuck*, i. e. a ſort of Wicker Strainer, us'd to prevent the Grains and Muck from running out with the Wort.

The *Huckſheens*, the Legs up to the Hams, or Hocks.

To have a *Hy* to every body, — to call after, — to have ſomewhat to ſay to: — *Heus!* Heigh Sir! You Sir!

I

The *Jibb*, a Stiller to fix a Barrel of Liquor upon.

The *Ilt*, the ſpayed female Pigs.

Jowering, ſee *Geowering*.

K

The *Kee*, the Kine, or Cows.

Any *Keendeſt Thing*, any Kind of Thing,—all Sorts of Things, ever ſo much.

Keeve or *Kieve*, a Maſhing Tub.

A *Kep*, a Cap.

Kerping, Carping.

Keſſon, Chriſtian.

A *Kickhammer*, a Stammerer.

L

A *Labb*, a Blab.

To *Lace*, &c —See below in the Note ſubjoin'd to this Page.

To *Lackee*, To loyter, or be long *lacking* or *wanting* from Home.

Lampſ'd, Lamed, or diſabled by a Wound or otherwiſe: vel ab A. S. Lama: *claudus*, *debilis*, *enervatus*; vel a Lat. Barb. *Lanceatus*. Vide G. J. Voſſium de vitiis Sermonis, Lib. 4. Cap. 12.

Laping or *Leeaping*, Leaping.

Learey, Lary - Thin or Wasted. Lath-
I am leary enough —

Note,—To *Lace*, to *Lam*, to *Lick*, to *Linſe*, to *Liquor*; as likewiſe to *baſte*, to *cotton*, to *curry*, to *drub*, to *drum*, to *fag*, to *tan*, to *thong*, to *threſh*, to *toze*, to *trim*, *cum multis aliis*, — are metaphorically uſed to ſignify,—To *give a ſound Beating*, and want little or no Explication: It was therefore thought needleſs to inſert them under their ſeveral Initials, but only to hint thus much concerning them.

Lathing, Invitation.—*Sax.* Lapan, *invitare.*

The *Leer*, the *Leer Ribs.*— "He gave him a Fulch under the *Leer*;" i. e. in the Hollow under the Ribs.—See *Fulch.*

Lipped, To be let paſs; to be looſe and free; and ſometimes the Breaking out of the Stitches in Needle-Work, or the like.

Lock! What! Heyday! Alack! Lo! ab A. S. Locan, to look.

Lobbolly, (ſo call'd, perhaps, *quaſi* Lubber lolly, as being the Broth of the Country Lubbers; or rather Laplolly, becauſe it may be lapp'd up and eaten without a Spoon) an odd Mixture of the worſt Kind of Spoon Meat: The Word is alſo ſometimes uſed for *thick Beer.*

Lonching, *quaſi* Launching, or making long Strides.

Lounging or *Lunaging*, leaning on any Thing, ſuch as a Gate, or Stile, like a lazy Creature that hath nothing elſe to do.

To *Luſtree* or *Luſtery*, to buſtle and ſtir about like a luſty Wench; (A. S. Luſtlice, *libenter.*)

M

The *Malls*, the Meazels.

Marl, a Marvel or Wonder.

Meat liſt, come to my, i. e. Stomach, Appetite.

Meazels, Sows, or Swine.

Mickled with the Cold, (à Lat. *micare*, *tremere*,) ſhrunk'd up and benumb'd; the ſame with *Steev'd*, which means alſo ſtiffen'd and benum'd, from the Saxon ſtirian, *obtorpere.*

Min or *Mun*, for *Them*; as in P. 14, "When tha deſt zey *mun*;" i. e when thou doſt ſay them.—and P. 25, "a Puſs to put *min* in;" i. e. a Purſe to put them in.—*Mun* is alſo uſed vocatively for *Man*, and ſometimes even in ſpeaking to a *Woman*, but then it ſeems rather to mean *mannus*, for the which the Saxon Word was alſo man; thus P. 24, "chave an over Arrant to tha, *mun*;"— i. e. I have an important Errand to thee, my little Hobby.—See the Word *Over*, explained below.

Moil or *Moyle*, a Mule.

To *Moily*, to labour like a Mule, to be an inceſſant Drudge.—"I have toiled and moiled all Day," i. e. I have had a very hard and toilſome Day's Work.

Mullad,

Mullad or *Mulled*, closely rubb'd and tightly squeez'd; à Gr. μολυνειν *maculare*. See *Soulad*.

Muggard and *Muggaty*, sullen and displeas'd, at a real or suppos'd Affront; ab Island. Mugga, *Caliginosus*.

A *Mulligrub Gurgin*, a Meal Grub that feeds only upon *Gurgins* or *Gurgians*, the coarsest Kind of Meal, and the common Food for Hounds.

A *Mum Chance*, a Fool dropt as it were by Chance, or by the Fairies: or One who is for the most Part stupid and silent, and never speaks, at least not to the Purpose, but by mere Chance; from Mome, a *Fool*, and *Chance*.

Mum, vide supra Min.

A brocking *Mungrel*.—See *Brocking*.

Mux, Muck or Dirt.

Muxy, Dirty, Filthy.

N

The *Natted Yeo*, (for *Notted*, or *Not-headed*, because without Antlers,) the *Ewe* without Horns; ab A. S. hnot, *Glaber*.

The *Niddick*, the Nape or hinder Part of the Neck.

A *Ninniwatch*, (q. d. the Watch of a Ninny or Fool,) a foolish Expectation,—vain Hopes or Fears.

Now-reert, (i. e. *now right*), just now.

O

To take *Owl o'* (i. e. to take *unwell of it*) to take it *ill*, or *amiss*.

Ort, sometimes us'd for *Ought*, or *Aught*, any Thing; at other Times for *Oft*, *often*, as in P. 14, L. 2.

Over, is frequently us'd to express *over great*, *material*, or *important*; as "he hath an *over* Mind to such a Thing," that is, a great Inclination to it:—An *over* Errand, an important Message.—See *Min* or *Mum*, as above explain'd.

P

To *Paddle*, signifies not only to dabble in the Water, &c. but also to make too free with Liquor, or to drink freely. [See the old Song of the swapping Mallard,

"And as the Mallard in his Pools,
"So we will paddle in our Bowls."]

To *Palch* along,—To Stalk, or walk on ſoftly,—[à Lat. *palari*; Gr. παλλειν *movere.*]—To *Palch*, alſo ſignifies to *patch* or mend Clothes, that is to put a *Palch* or *Palliage* on them; from the Word *Palliage*, which ſignifies either to *diſguiſe* or to *patch up* a Matter.

A *Pan-crock*, a little Earthen Pan; from Ponne, *patella*, and Cnocca, *olla*, *teſta.* Sax.

To *Pank*, to pant.

Parbeaking, Belching;—perhaps a Corruption of *Parbreaking*, vomiting,—*ſtomachoſus*, *facile in Iram prorumpens.*

Peels, for Pillows.

Pennet, a little Pen, a Sheep or Cow-Pen.

Pilm, Flying Duſt: Hence in P. 5, "I'll make thy Boddice pilmee," means, *I'll threſh thee ſo as to make the Duſt fly out of thy Boddice.*

Pinchvart or *Pinchfart*, a miſerly Niggard, who pinches and ſaves that which is not worth Half a *Farthing.*

To *Ping*, to puſh.—In the Præter Tenſe *pung*, as "he *pung* me, i. e he puſh'd me; item to punch, ab A. S. pyngan.

To take *Pip*, and meach off.—See P. 27.—to take amiſs, or be out of humour, and ſo ſteal away.

Piping, in P. 8, means *wheezing.*—"A *parbeaking* and *piping* Body,"—a Perſon ſubject to belching and wheezing.

Piſtering, a Word which, whenever uſed, is always join'd with *Whiſtering*, i e. Whiſpering (as in P. 16) perhaps from the French *peſter*, to rail at, or tell Tales; and ſo *Whiſtering and Piſtering* muſt be underſtood to mean telling Stories to the Diſadvantage of others in Whiſpers, or with an Air of Secrecy.

Plat vooted, broad and flat footed.

To *Plim*, to ſwell up, as new Bacon, &c. in dreſſing:—"Chell plim tha,"—P. 4.—i. e. I ſhall or will beat thee, ſo as to make thee ſwell like a young Fowl put to the Fire:—So to make the Cheeks *plim*, is to beat them ſo as to make ſwell and look plump.

Podger a Platter, whether made of Pewter or Earthen Ware; but the former is generally term'd a *Podger Diſh*, and the latter a *cloamen Podger*, or frequently a *Podger*, without any Diſtinction.

To

To *Pompſtery*, to uſe Slops or Salves, and play the Emperic and Quack.

To *Pooche*, to make Mowes or Mouthes, or ſcrew up the Mouth like a Pouch.

Pook, a Haycock, *quaſi Peake* or Cone;—Cornu-Brit. *Pooc*, or *Puuk*, a Heap. See Dr. *Borlaſe*'s Corniſh Vocabulary.

To *Popple* about, to hobble about.

Popping, Blabbing, like a Popinjay or Parrot,—ἀει ποππυζων.

To *Potee*, to puſh with the Feet.

To *Powt*, to thruſt out the Lips and ſwell the Cheeks, in Token of Anger.

To *Prink* or *prinkee*, to dreſs fine, or ſet one's Self off to the beſt Advantage.

Prill'd. See *A-prill'd*.

To *Pritch*, to prick Holes in; — to make Holes for the Wires in the Leathers of Wool-Cards.

Puckering, in Rolls and Wrinkles,—all *zig-zag* and *awry*.

To *Pummel* a Perſon,—to beat him ſoundly,—to box him.

Pung. See *Ping*.

To *Purt*, *purtee*, or be *apurt*,—to ſet ſilent and ſullen.

To *Putch*, to pick up Corn or Hay to the Mow or Zeſs with a Pitchfork. See *Zeſs*.

Pixy, *pigſnye*, a Fairy.—(ab Iſlandic. *Puke*, Dæmon.)—*Teeheeing Pixy*, P. 7.—Laughing Fairy or Goblin.

Q

Quelſtring, hot and ſultry, or ſweltry.

Querking, the deep ſlow breathing of a Perſon in Pain; a Tendency to groaning.

R

Rabble-rote, a Repetition of a long Story;—a Tale of a Tub.

Racing, raking up old Stories, or rubbing up old Sores.

Ragrowtering, (from *ragery* and *rout*, tumultus) playing at Romps, and thereby rumpling, roughening, and tearing the Clothes to Rags; or playing the Rogue, *viz.* in a wanton Frolic.

Rather, (not *rear*, as *Gay* has it,) early, ſoon; *e. g.* "a *leet-rather*," or as in P. 12, "*bet lettle rather*," i. e. but a little while ago,—a little *ſooner*. I would *rather*, i. e. I would *ſooner* do ſo and ſo.—In Somerſet, "Why do you *op ſo rathe*," i. e. Get up or riſe ſo early?

Rathe-ripe Fruit, early Fruit.

A *rathe-ripe* Wench, a Girl of early Puberty.

To *Ream*, to ſtretch or ſtrain.—[Bread is ſaid to *ream*, when made of heated or melted Corn, and grown a little ſtale; ſo that if a Piece of it be broken into two Parts, the one draws out from the other a Kind of String like the Thread of a Cobweb, *ſtretching* from one Piece to the other.—— Note, Corn is ſaid to be *melted* when put together before thoroughly dried, and ſo heated and fermented in the Zeſs or Mow.]

Rearing, Mocking, by repeating another's Words with Scorn and Diſdain.

Reart, right —So *Light* is pronounc'd *Leart*; Might, *Meart*; and the like Pronunciation prevails in almoſt all Words ending in *ight*, among the Ruſtics in Devon.

Rearting, righting or mending.

Rewden Hat, a Straw Hat,—a Woman's Hat made of *Rood* or *Reed*, that is of *Combed Straw*.

Rex, or rather *Rix*, (ab Angl. Sax. ꝛuxan, *junci*) a Ruſh; *Rixen*, Ruſhes. — The *Rex-buſh*, P. 11, a Buſh or Tuft of Ruſhes.

A *Rigg*, an impudent wanton Girl. *Minſhew*.

Rigging, acting the Wanton; ready to beſtride any inactive Stallion, and give him a quickening Spur.

Riggleting, Wriggling, twiſting, and turning, or playing the Romps, and riding upon Men's Backs.

A *Rigmutton-Rumpſtall*, may ſometimes mean a rammiſh Ridgel; but is generally uſed to denote a wanton Wench that is ready to ride upon the Men's Backs: or elſe paſſively to be their Romp-ſtall; — from the Saxon ꝛcelan, *ſalire*.

Ripping, taking off the Rind and expoſing our Nakedneſs; — or ripping up our Character and laying open all our Faults.

Rittling a-bed, Wheezing, rattling, routing, and ſnoring.

Rixen.—See above.

Rixy, Quarrelſome, ſcolding. [à Lat. *Rixa*.]

A *Roil* or *Royl*, a big, ungainly Slammakin; a great awkard Blowze or Hoyden.

To *Roily* upon One, to *rail* on him, or traduce his Character.

Roundſhaving, Spoke ſhaving, reprimanding ſeverely.

Rouſtling, Ruſtling and rattling.

A *Rouzabout*, a reſtleſs Creature, never eaſy at Home, but roaming from Place to Place. Alſo a Sort of large Peaſe, which from their regular Globoſity will hop or roil about more than others.

To *Rowcaſt* (i. e. to *rough-caſt*), to throw Dirt that will ſtick.

Rowl or *Real*, a Revel or Wake; the Anniverſary of the Dedication of a Church.

Rubbacrock, a filthy Slattern that is as black as if ſhe were continually rubbing herſelf againſt a Boiler or Kettle.

To *Ruckee*, to quat or crouch down, whether on a neceſſary Occaſion or otherwiſe.

A *Rumple*, a large Debt contracted by little and little. [Somerſet, "'Twill come to a *Rumple*, or *breaking*, at laſt: But *Rumple* in Devon means not the ſame as *Rupture*, but a Thing ruffled and drawn up together, as a Garment rumbled up to a Wad, with many Plaits and Wrinkles.]

S

A *Scatt* or *Skatt*, a Shower of Rain. [There is a Proverb at *Kenton*, in Devon, mentioned by *Riſdon*, "When *Halldown* has a Hat, let *Kenton* beware of a *Skatt*."—See *Brice's* Topog. Dictionary, Art. *Kenton*.]

Scatty Weather, ſhowery, with little Skuds of Rain.

Scoarſe or *Scoace*, to exchange. "Es Scoaſt a Tack or two." P. 20. i. e. I *exchanged* a Blow or two,—I ſwopp'd with him a Fiſty-Cuff or two.

Scratch'd or *a-ſcratch'd*, juſt frozen; the Surface of the Earth appearing as it were *ſcratch'd* or ſcabby.

To *Screedle*, or *ſcrune* over the Embers, to hover over them, covering them with one's Coats as with a Screen.

To *Scrumpee*, to ſcranch like a Glutton, or as a Dog eating Bones and all.

Seggard, Safeguard, a kind of outer Garment ſo called.

Shoard, a Piece of broken Earthen Ware, a Potſherd.

To take a *Shoard*, to take a Cup too much.

A *Shool*, a Shovel.

To *Shoort*, to ſhift for a Living.

To *Simmer*, to ſimper, like Water in a Kettle, or Broth in a Pot, when beginning to boil.

To *Skull*, to School; to rate or ſcold at.

To *Slat*, to ſlit a Stick or Board lengthwiſe, to crack, to throw a Thing againſt the Ground ſo as to break it;—alſo to give a Slap or Blow.

Slottery Weather, Foul Weather, (ab Iſland. Sladde, *madidus.*)

Snibble-noſe, or rather *Snivel-noſe*, One who ſnuffs up the Snot.—Cutted *Snibble-noſe*, a cutting niggardly Perſon; One that would ſave the very Droppings of his Noſe. — A common Deſcription of a *Miſer*, in this County.

To *Sowle*, (Sax. ſole, *volutare)* to tumble one's Cloaths, to pull one about, &c.—See *Mullad.*

Soze, or *Soace*, properly for *Sirs*; but ſometimes ſpoken to a Company of Women as well as Men.

Spalls, Chips.

To drow vore *Spalls*, to throw one's Errors and little Flaws in one's Teeth, *quaſi Spalls* or *Chips*, which fly off from the Carpenter's Ax or Woodman's Bill: — Or to throw out ſpiteful Hints, or ſpit one's Venom againſt another, *quaſi* Spawls.

Spare, ſlow.—It alſo ſometimes means a Thing not conſtantly uſed, but kept in reſerve for a Friend occaſionally, as a *Spare-bed*, &c.

Sprey, ſprack, ſpruce, and clever.

Sproil, a Capacity of Motion, Ability to *ſprawl* about, and be active.—See *Stroil.*

A good *Spud*, a good Gift or Legacy, ſuch as may anſwer your Hopes and Expectations. [Sax. ſpeb, *opes.*]

To *Spudlee* or *Spuddle* out the *Yewmors*, — to ſtir or ſpread abroad the Embers, with a little Spud or Poker.

To *Squat* down, to quat down.

Squelſtring Weather, Sweltry or ſultry.

A *Stare-baſon*, One that is ſaucer-eyed, and impudently ſtares one in the Face.

Stave, a Staff; — alſo a Tree or Plank laid acroſs the Water for a Foot Bridge, with ſomething of a Rail.—"When the Water was by *Stave*," (P. 7,) or up by *Stave*, i. e. When it was ſo high as to cover the Bridge, and render it dangerous to paſs over.

Steehopping, Gadding abroad idly to hear or carry News: [Poſſibly from the Britiſh *Yſtiferion* Eve-droppings, and ſo may denote the Conduct of Eve-droppers, who hearken for News

News under Windows; but more probably from the Saxon ſtæꝛ *hiſtoria*, and ſpellan *geſtire*, and ſo is expreſſive of the Talebearer's chief Employment, viz. to carry Stories from Houſe to Houſe.] Alſo, jumping and capering.

Steev'd with the Cold, (See *Mickled*,) quite ſtiff and frozen. [Sax. ſtipian *obtorpere*, a Gr. ςιφρος].

To *Stertlee*, to ſtartle.

Stivering or *Stubvering up againſt*, Standing ſtiff; Gr. ςιβαρος, *rigidus*, *firmus*, vel ςιφρος.

Stertling Roil, (P. 3.) A wag-tail Blowze, or one whoſe Motion is directed like a Ship by the Rudder in her Stern. [Sax. ſteoꝛ-ſpeꝛn *puppis*, and hence ſteoꝛt or ſtæꝛt, *Cauda*.]—"Stertlee upon the Zeſs," (as in P. 3.) i. e. to act the Wag-tail there; (à Teuton. Sturtzen, *decidere*) one that will fall down upon her Back with the leaſt Puff of Wind.

To *Stile* Linen, &c. To ſmooth it with a Steel, or ironing Box.—To iron the Clothes.

To *Stool Terras*, to ſet up wet Turfs two and two, one againſt another, touching each other at the upper Part, and aſtrout at the Bottom, that the Wind may blow between them, and help to dry them for Fuel.

A *Stram*, any ſudden, loud, and quick Sound: So (as a Verb) to *Stram* the Doors, means to ſhut them with Noiſe and Violence.—Hence a bold and unexpected Lie that greatly ſhocks and ſurprizes the Hearer, is called a *Strammer*; and hence alſo to *Strammee*, means to tell great and notorious Lies.

To *Strat*, to daſh in Pieces; to throw any Thing againſt the Ground, &c. ſo as to break it off. Hence to *ſtrat the Match*, that is to break it off, or prevent the intended Marriage.

A *Strat* in the Chops, a Blow in the Face or Mouth.

To *Strat* a Perſon up, To daſh the foul Water or Mud of the Streets againſt him, and beſpatter him therewith; from the Saxon ſtpaegdan, *ſpargere*.

Stroil (from *Struggle*), Strength and Agility.—"Thou haſt no *Stroil* nor Docity," (P. 12.) i. e. no Activity nor Docility; no more Agility or Motion than a Perſon diſabled from ſtriving or ſtruggling.

Stroil

Stroil is alſo a Denomination of the long Roots of Weeds and Graſs, in Grounds not properly cultivated.

Stroaking or *Strocking* the *Kee* (i. e. the Cows,) Milking after a Calf has ſuck'd.

A good *Stub*, a large Sum of Money, whether given or expended; as, "it coſt a good Stub," i. e. it was bought at a great Price.— "He did not give his Vote without having a good *Stub*," that is, a large Bribe.

A *Sture*, a Steer; alſo a Duſt raiſed.

Swapping or *Swopping*, big, large, unwieldy; — as the *Swopping Mallard* of *All Souls College* in the Song, means a *very large* Mallard.

A *Swaſh-bucket*, a Wench who careleſsly ſwaſhes and ſplaſhes the Pig's Waſh out of the Bucket, when ſhe carries it to feed the Hogs:—That this, or ſome ſuch ſlatternly Conduct, whether of the Pig's Bucket, or Milk-Pail, &c. is meant by this Word in the foregoing Dialogues, ſeems evident; at leaſt that it can have no Reference or Alluſion to a *Swaſh-buckler* or hectoring Soldier, but to ſome mean Office of a Woman Servant in the Country.

T

To *Tack*, (from *Attaquer*, Fr. to *attack*) means in Devon, to give a Stroke with the Palm of the Hand, not with a clinched Fiſt.

A *Tack*, a Stroke ſo given.

To *Tack Hands*, to clap Hands, either by Way of Triumph or Provocation; as alſo in a Dance, &c.

Tackle, Good *Tackle*, a Table well furniſhed.—Good Things, good Proviſions.

Tacklou, in Corniſh ſignifies a Creature, a Thing.—Good Things, fit Inſtruments for the Purpoſe.

Tanbaſte, or *Tanbaſe*, Scuffling or ſtruggling. [Perhaps, from the Sax. ꝛeon, *trahere*, and baſung, *Chlamys*, pulling and tearing off one another's Clothes in the Scuffle.

Taply, (a Corruption of *Timely*, Sax. Timlice *tempeſtivè*)—Early; betimes in the Morning.— Spaniſh, *Temperano*, i. e. *maturè*; *tempore matutino*; *potius* à Teut. Tapffer, *agilis*; Lat. *Topper*, *toto opere*, haſtily, nimbly.

To *Tare*.—See *Tear*.

Tachy,

Tatchy, peeviſh, captious, diſpleaſed on every trifling Occaſion.
Taties, Potatoes.
To *Tear* or *Tare*, ſignifies (in Devon) not only to *rend*, *crack*, or *break*, but alſo to make a great Stir.
To *Tear* or *tare* along,—to buſtle through Buſineſs, to be ſtirring and active.—" How do hare tare along," (P. 31.) i. e. How doth *ſhe* go on, or make her Way in the World? How doth *her* Diligence and Aſſiduity ſucceed?
Ted or *Tet*, to be ordered or permitted to do a Thing; as " I *ted* go home at ſuch a Time," i. e. I *am to* go home, &c. " We *tet* not put on our Shoes till we have them," i. e. We *are not* to put them on till, &c. [Perhaps from A. S. ꝛeoꝺ, *decretus*, order'd.]
Terra or *Terve*, a Turf.
Tervee, to ſtruggle and labour to get free.
Tetties, (Teats) Breaſts.
Thick-liſted, ſhort winded or breathing with Difficulty (as very fat Perſons do), — Aſthmatical.
To *Thir*, — This ſignifies much the ſame as to *Dere*, a Word commonly uſed by Nurſes in Devonſhire, ſignifying to frighten or hurry a Child out of his Senſes. Dr. *Hicks* mentions it as a *Norfolk* Word of *Cimbric* Origin, to dere, *nocere*: as you dere me, *mihi noces*. So in the Exm. Courtſhip, (P. 28.) " twont *thir* ma," means, it will not *hurt*, hurry, or aſtoniſh me.—Sax. Denian, *nocere*; ꝺene, *damnum*.
Thirl or *Therl*, gaunt and lank, thin and lean.
Timerſome, Paſſionate.
Ting, a long Girt or Surcingle, that girds the Panniers tight to the Pack-Saddle.
To *Ting* a Perſon, to give him or her a tight Scolding; or to upbraid one with ſuch Particulars as touch the quick, and pinch as feelingly as the *Ting* does the Belly of the Horſe when tightly buckled.
Tirant, Special, extraordinary.
Torn or *Tourn*, a Spinning Wheel; ſo called from its *turning* round.
A *Totle*, a ſlow lazy Perſon; an idle Fool, that does his Work awkardly and ſlowly. — [ſo called perhaps, q. d. *Taught ill*, but Q. as to this?]—(A. S. ꝛealꝛian, *vacillare*.)
To *Totle* and *totee* about,—to totter up and down.

To

To *Towzee*, to toſs and tumble.

A *Troant* (not a *Truant* or *Micher*, but in Dev.) a fooliſh witleſs Fellow, and ſometimes a lazy loitering Lubber.

A *Trolubber* or *Trough-lubber*, a common Labourer, whoſe ordinary Buſineſs is hedging and ditching, i. e. digging and working in the Hedge-troughs, &c.

How do you *Try?*— How do you find yourſelf? How do you do?—Sometimes the Salutation is, "*How d'ye hold it?*" to which ſome Punſters will anſwer, "In both Hands when I can catch it;" but the Meaning is, how do you *hold* or retain your Health?—A Nautical Term.

V

To *Vag*, to thwack, or beat one with a Rod, &c. to fag.

To vall over the Deſk, a Cant Term for having had the Banns of Marriage publiſhed in the Church.

To *Vang*, (Sax. ꝑangan, *capere*,) To *take:* — And likewiſe to *undertake* at the Font of Baptiſm, as the Sponſor for a Child. — In the Præter, *Vung.*— Thus P. 1, "Whan tha vungſt (and be hang'd to tha!) to *Rabbin*," i. e. When tha wert Godmother (and may hanging await thee!) to *Robin.*

Veaking, (*quaſi* Feiging, Carping;) fretful and peeviſh.

Vigging, (See *Potee*,) Vig, Vig, Vig; uſed to expreſs the Action of Dogs digging with their Feet, in order to ſcratch out Fleas.

Vinnied or *Vinnad*, Finnewed, Mouldy. — From the Saxon ꝑẏnezian, or ꝑẏniȝ, *mucidus.*

Vinny, a Battle or Skirmiſh; and in the foregoing Dialogues (See P. 8.) a *ſcolding Bout.*— (A. S. ꝑine, ꝑin, *Prælium.*)— Poſſibly from *Whinniard*, a Hanger or crooked Sword, uſed as a Defence from Aſſaults; and this perhaps derived from the Latin *Vindicta*, Revenge: For the Word *Vinny* here, cannot mean to *whinny* or neigh like a Horſe, this being a Signal of kind Invitation, rather than garrulous Oppoſition.

To *Vine dra Voaks*, (P. 11.) i. e. to *fine draw Folks*; to flatter or deceive People by fair Speeches; — to cut their Throats with a Feather.

To *Vit* Meat, to dreſs it, or make it *fit* to be eaten. } Belg.
To *Vittee*, to go well, fitly, and ſucceſsfully. } bitten,
Vitty, (*quaſi* fitty,) apt, decent, handſome and well } *aptare.*

Unlifty,

Unlifty, Unweildy.

Voar, *Voor*, or *Vore*,—*Forth*; —— Alſo a *Furrow*.

To *drow Voar*, i. e. to throw forth; — to twit a Perſon with a Fault.

Voar-and back, reverſed; the Right-hand Side being placed on the Left, or what ſhould be *forward* put *backward:* So *up-and-down* (in the Devonſhire Dialect) means *up-ſide-down* or inverted.

Vore-Days, or *Voar-Days*, Late, or *forward* in the Day; the Day being far advanced.

Vore-reert, *forth right*, or right forward,—headlong, without Circumſpection.

Vorked, forked. P. 3, " ſo vur's tha art a *vorked*" i. e. ſo far as thou art *forked:*" and P. 7, " drade tha out by the *vorked* Eend" i. e. drew thee out by the *forked* End; which Phraſes want no other Explanation, the *Fork* therein meant being well known: And perhaps it may not be deem'd beſide our Purpoſe to add, that the ſame Word is us'd for the *Twiſt* or *Twiſſel of Maiden Trees.*

Vort or *Voart*, fought.—P. 22, " Es thort you coudent a *vort* zo" i. e. I thought you could not have *fought* ſo.

Upazet or *Uppa-zit*, appoſite; fitly repreſented; parallelized; well reſembling.

Upzetting, i. e. *Up-ſitting*,—a Goſſipping or Chriſtening Feaſt.

Vramp ſhapen, diſtorted,--- [à *Belg.* wrimpen]

Vreach, (from the *Iſlandic* Varegd, *cautio*, *prudentia*,) Readily, carefully, diligently and earneſtly.

Vulch. See *Fulch*.

A *Vump*, a *Thump*.

To *Vump*, to thump, or give one Blows with the Fiſt;— alſo to *vamp* or botch up old Clothes.

Vuſtin Fume, a mighty *Fume*, a ſwelling boiſterous Rage.

Vuſtled up, wrapp'd up; à Lat. *Faſcia*.

W

Wambling, a Rumbling or Commotion in the Guts; alſo waving, tumbling or lolling a Thing backward and forward, or from Side to Side.

Wangary, or *Wangery*, ſoft and flabby.

Wapper-eyed, Goggle-eyed, having full rolling eyes; or looking like one ſcared;—or ſquinting like a Perſon overtaken with Liquor.—[Poſſibly from papian, Sax. *fluctuare*, *ſtupere.*]

'Chell *Warndy*, I'll warrant you.

Waſhamouth, one that blabs out every thing at random, or whatever happens to be uppermoſt. —[Perhaps from the Saxon peaɼ, *fortuitò*, and Muð, *os*. But Q?]

Wee-wow, or *a-wee-wow*,—Waving this Way and that Way; *pravè*, perverſe.

Well to paſs, In a thriving Way, poſſeſs'd of a good Eſtate, or having a competent Fortune.

Wetherly. See *Witherly*.

A *Whappet*, a Blow with the Hollow of the Hand.

Wharewey, Wherewith, or Wherewithall.

Whatjecomb or *Whatchecam*, what d'ye call him?

Whatnozed, for *hot noſed*, (formerly ſpelt *hoate-noſed*,) red noſed, as if heated by drinking too freely.

A *Wherret*, or *Whirret*, a Clap or Cuff given on the Face, according to *Minſhew*; but in *Dev.* it rather means a Box o' the Ear.

Whileer, i. e. *a while e're* or a while before; a little while ſince.

Whitſtone, a Whetſtone; a *Liar's* Property. See Notes on P. 20 and 21.

To *whiſter*, to whiſper.—" Zart! Whiſtery" P. 35, i. e. Soft! let us whiſper. —From the Daniſh hwiſter.

A *Whiſterpoop*, a Sort of whiſtling or rather Whiſtering Pop,—a Blow on the Ear; ironically meant to expreſs a ſudden and unwelcome Whiſper.

A *Whitwitch*, a white Witch, a Conjuror;—a *good* Witch, that does no Miſchief unleſs it be in picking the Pockets of thoſe who are *no* Conjurors, by pretending to diſcover the Rogueries of others.

Whorting,—" out a *Whorting*," P. 5—i. e. out in the Woods, &c. to ſearch for and gather *Whorts or Whortle-berries*.

The *Why for Ay*, a ſufficient Compenſation, or valuable Exchange of One-thing for another.—As in P. 13, " Thou wouldſt kiſs the A--- of G. H. to *ha'en* (i. e. to have him); but thou haſt not *the Why for Ay*," i. e. not a ſufficient Fortune to anſwer his.

Wimbing, Winnowing Corn.

To *Make-Wiſe*, to pretend,—to make as tho' Things are ſo and ſo, when they are not.

Witherly, Wilful, contrary.—A Witherly Chat; from A. S. piðep, *contra*: *Item*, wilfully; with main Force and Violence.

Wraxling,

Wraxling, Wreſtling.

Y

Yellow Beels or *Yellow Boys*, Guineas.

To *Yappee*, when ſpoken of a Dog, ſignifies to *yelp*.—See *yeppy*.

Yeaveling, the Evening.

Yeavy, Wet and Moiſt.—à Sax. Ea, *aqua*.

To *Yeppy*, to make a chirping Noiſe, like Chicken or Birds;—alſo uſed negatively to denote the Voice of a Perſon that can't be diſtinctly heard: As in P. 14, "thou art ſo hoarſe that thou canſt ſcarce *yeppy*."

Yerring, Yelling, Noiſy.

Yeſs, *Podex*, Sax. eaꝛꝛ, in *Chaucer*, earſe; in plain Engliſh, *mine A——*.

Yewmors, Embers, hot Aſhes: The ſame Word is alſo uſed for *Humours*.

Yeo, an *Ewe*-Sheep.

Z

Zœwl or *Zowl*, (Sax. Sul or ꝛulh, *aratrum*; from *Sulco*, *Sulcare*, to caſt up Furrows:) a Plough.

Zenneet or *Zinneert*, Sev'night.

Zewnteen or *Zœwnteen*, Seventeen.

'Should *Zem*, for "*It ſhould ſeem*;" it ſeems, or ſo the Report goes.—As in P. 1, "'*Should zem* thou wert ſick, &c. i. e. it was ſo reported.——I *Sem*, an old Word, for ſee, I perceive.

The *Zeſs*, the Sheaves regularly piled and ſtowed in a Barn, in in like Manner as a *Corn rick* or *Mow* is without-doors; but the Devonſhire Word *Zeſs*, always means the Pile of Sheaves *within* the Barn.

Zidle-mouth, The Mouth awry, or more extended on One Side than the other.

Zoo, as "To let the Kee go *Zoo*" P. 6. i. e. let the Cows go dry.

Zowerſwopped, (*quaſi* Sower-ſapped,) ill-natured, crabbed.

Zwir thy Torn, (P. 6.)—Quhir, or whirl round thy Spinning Wheel with Speed; let thy Diligence be proclaim'd by its *zwirring*, or quhirring Noiſe;——à Teut. zwirnen, *filum contorquere*.

Zwop,

Zwop, (à Sax. Spapa, *ruina*,) the Noiſe made by the ſudden Fall of any Thing; as, "He fell down *zwop!*" —In the Exmoor Courtſhip, P. 19, it expreſſes the ſudden ſnatching of a ſmacking Kiſs.

F I N I S.